THE TALENTED MR. RIPLEY

Screenplay
by

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based on the novel
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FEBRUARY 17, 1998

DARKNESS and **CREDITS.**

Someone is **singing** to himself - it's an aria from J.S.Bach's St.Matthew Passion. *Mache Dich mein Herze Rein.* A good voice.

Then a JAZZ record starts up in competition. A tenor sax. Scratched and crackling. The man stops singing and attempts, hesitantly, to identify the artist. John Coltrane with Thelonious Monk.

MAN'S VOICE (O/S)
I don't know. Lester Young? Stan Getz. I don't know. Stan Getz.

1 **1958** **INT. RIPLEY'S ROOM, NEW YORK. DUSK.** 1

A HAND takes the needle off the record and adds the disc to a discarded pile on a table. A new record is slipped from its sleeve and goes on the turntable. The man **continues to sing** the Bach aria in between guessing the record. More jazz. A singer. Chet Baker. *My funny Valentine.*

MAN'S VOICE (O/S)
This is Chet uh thing, no, is it Billie Holiday? Billie Holiday or Chet thing, I don't know. Don't even know if it's a man.

Same procedure. Hands dipping into a pile of records. More of the room, which is bathroom, kitchen, living room and bedroom all in one. You can touch the stove from the bath. A view of fire escapes. Tiny, tidy, squalid and sad. When the camera finds the man's face it is BLINDFOLDED. A Charlie Parker track begins. Serious Bebop.

MAN'S VOICE
Ugh!

The man lifts the needle, continues to sing the Bach, pulls off the blindfold, examines the records he's been trying to learn, needs to put on glasses to do so, is irritated by his mistakes, searches through some other disks and finds what he wants. It's the Bach. He locates the aria, and starts to sing along loudly and splendidly.

Someone starts knocking on the wall. The man turns up the music. Curses, female and male, inaudible but definitely American, compete with the music. The man begins packing, opening a spartan closet which seems to have hardly any clothes. He has an old BLUEBOOK GUIDE for Rome. A battered ITALIAN DICTIONARY. A PRINCETON YEAR BOOK for 1954, open on a page of graduates, SMILING FACES, one of which is circled. A FIRST CLASS CUNARD TICKET for the Queen Elizabeth LINER to Genoa. There's a new PASSPORT on the table. He opens it and looks at his photograph, then at himself in the mirror of the open closet. **The young man's name is TOM RIPLEY.** He's an American. He has a talent for lies.

END CREDITS.

2 **EXT. GENOA HARBOR, ITALY. DAY.** 2

Brilliant sunshine. A luxury LINER has just docked. Passengers disembark are greeted, escorted, fussed over. Their bags are unloaded ahead of them, and are assembled on the quayside, sorted under the initials of their owners. STANDS WITH THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET CHALKED ON THEM are dotted about, and trunks and suitcases of all shapes and sizes form small hills around them. Ripley hurries down the first class gangplank and an Italian Porter approaches, wants his name. *Ripley. Ripley. Ripley*, he repeats in the hubbub and joins the crowd around the letter **R.**

3 **INT. CUSTOMS AND IMMIGRATION HALL. GENOA. DAY.** 3

AN IMMIGRATION OFFICER studies Ripley's passport.

OFFICER
Signor Ripley. Welcome to Italy. What is the purpose of your visit?

RIPLEY
Business. I'm on business.

4 **EXT. TRAIN STATION. GENOA DAY.** 4

A PORTER carries Ripley's bags to the train. He's taken past the Third Class compartments, crammed, the Second Class - food being passed through the windows - and arrives at the First Class section.

5 **INT. TRAIN. DAY.** 5

Ripley sits in his COMPARTMENT, looking out of the window, Italy flashing by. He's absorbed by the view, and his own reflection in the glass.

6 **INT. RESTAURANT CAR, TRAIN. DAY** 6

Ripley, in the line to be seated, stands next to an intriguing and attractive young woman, who chats to him.

MEREDITH
I'm getting off at Rome, and you?

RIPLEY
Naples, then all the way down to Mongibello...it's near Vesuvius. I'm living there.

MEREDITH
Really?

RIPLEY
No tourists. I've got a sailboat. I've got a saxophone. I've got an allowance. It's pretty much heaven.

MEREDITH
I'm Meredith, by the way. Meredith Randall.

RIPLEY
Dickie, Dickie Greenleaf. Hello.

MEREDITH
Hello.

The Steward comes up to seat them.

MEREDITH (cont'd)
Would you like to share a table?

They're led to a table for two. They sit down.

MEREDITH
This is my first time in Europe. What's it like?

RIPLEY
It changes you. It's like back home I was a slug and here I'm a butterfly.

MEREDITH
Greenleaf. Are you the Shipping Greenleaf's?

RIPLEY
(thinking quickly)
Trying not to be. Trying to jump ship.

MEREDITH
Did they mix up your luggage?

RIPLEY
No. My luggage? It was fine. Why?

MEREDITH
No, just weren't you under the R stand, at the harbor? I thought I saw you there?

RIPLEY
Well, Meredith, my father wants me to go back to New York. He builds the boats. I'd rather sail them. I travel under my mother's name.

MEREDITH
Which is?

RIPLEY
Emily.
(Meredith's bewildered)
Just kidding.

MEREDITH
The funny thing is, I'm not Randall either. I'm Logue. As in the Textile Logues. Trying to shrug off the dress. I travel under my mother's name, too.

RIPLEY
Randall.

MEREDITH
Right.
(holding up her glass)
So, partners in disguise.

7 **EXT. COASTAL ROAD FROM NAPLES. DAY** 7

A BUS rolls along the coastal road past Vesuvius towards Sorrento and Positano.

8 **INT. BUS. DAY.** 8

Ripley sits surrounded by teeming life. The bus slows at a new town and the DRIVER bellows out its name.

DRIVER
TORRE ANNUNCIATA!

Ripley looks out as they continue on their journey. A narrow road cut into the side of rock cliff, mountain above, blue sea below. They come to a small fishing port, a glimpse of harbour. The Driver identifies -

DRIVER
MONGIBELLO!

9 **EXT. MONGIBELLO. DAY** 9

Ripley is left by the side of the road as the Bus continues - leaving a trail of dust. He stands with his two suitcases.

10 **EXT. MONGIBELLO ESPLANADE. DAY** 10

Ripley arrives at a SEAFRONT. There's a cafe and a bar on the raised promenade sidewalk, and a beach well stocked with bronzed, scantily-clad young Italians. Marvellously stylish and confident of themselves, they drift along the sand, occasionally throwing a beach ball, or kissing each other, irrespective of gender. Ripley is the only fully-clothed person in sight.

11 **EXT. BEACH CAFE. DAY**

Ripley sits at an outside table, sweating, hungry and at a loss. He has a menu and when the waiter appears, he stabs at one of the items on the list, nodding vaguely when he hears his order spoken aloud. He feels completely foreign.

A PLATE OF MINIATURE OCTOPUSES, virulently purple, is thrust in front of him. Not at all what he thought he'd ordered. Ripley pokes at one of the creatures, tastes the tip of a tentacle, finds its cartilage-like consistency disgusting. He pushes it away and scans the beach.

A COUPLE emerge from the sea, shaking off the water, running for their towels. They're laughing. They're perfect. Ripley is looking at DICKIE GREENLEAF: hair long and blonde, his skin dark brown. He's wearing a bathing suit, but manages to look like a Prince. And his partner, also in a bathing suit, is a Princess, long and lean and effortless. Her name is MARGE SHERWOOD. They stroll straight towards him, up to the bar to get drinks. Ripley, head down, hoping to be invisible, watches all of this, pulse racing.

WAITER
Signor Dickie!

Already heading back across the sidewalk, Dickie turns and looks at the waiter, who's holding up some change. He waves the money away with a smile. He and Marge carry their drinks across the beach, past the brightly-coloured BEACH CABINS and make towards the water to flop down by some loungers.

Next door to the cafe is a store window with some prominent displays of swimwear, all of the skimpy variety. Ripley ponders.

12 **EXT. MONGIBELLO BEACH. DAY**

Ripley emerges from one of the BEACH CABINS, and stands on the edge of the sand on a wooden walkway. He's wearing A TINY BATHING SUIT. He loathes beaches. He takes a step off the wood and burns the soles of his feet, jumping back with a gasp. A couple of boys turn laconically and watch him.

Ripley puts on his shoes. With them on he launches back onto the sand again. His shoes seem huge and conspicuous and he feels ridiculous, his skin alabaster against the brown bodies. Finally, the shame is too great and he pulls off his shoes and dashes to the water, where he luxuriates in the coolness of it before beginning to wade to the main congregation of swimmers compressed between the two flags where swimming is safe. Then he walks out of the sea and straight up to Dickie.

RIPLEY
Dickie Greenleaf?

Dickie opens his eyes, squints at Ripley.

DICKIE
Who's that?

RIPLEY
It's Tom. Tom Ripley.
(to Marge)
Excuse me - hello.

DICKIE
Tom Ripley?

RIPLEY
Yes - is the sun in your eyes? I was at Princeton.

DICKIE
Okay.
(he sits up)
And did we know each other?

RIPLEY
Well, I knew you, so I suppose you must have known me.

DICKIE
(to Marge)
Princeton is like a fog, America's like a fog.
(to Ripley)
This is Marge Sherwood. Tom - sorry, what was it?

RIPLEY
Ripley. Hullo. How do you do.

MARGE
How do you do.

DICKIE
What are you doing in Mongi?

RIPLEY
Nothing. Nothing much. Passing through.

DICKIE
You're so white. Did you ever see a guy so white, Marge? Gray, actually.

RIPLEY
It's just an undercoat.

DICKIE
Say again?

RIPLEY
You know, a primer.

DICKIE
That's funny.

Ripley's feet are burning up, he tries to edge onto a towel.

MARGE
Where are you staying? Do you want to sit down?

Ripley sits immediately, desperate to get off his feet.

RIPLEY
Thanks. I don't know yet. Just got here.

MARGE
Go to Giorgio's.

DICKIE
Go to the Miramare.
(to Marge)
He went to Princeton - they set you against fleas.

MARGE
So where've you come from?

RIPLEY
New York. I live in New York.

MARGE
No, I mean, before Mongibello.

RIPLEY
Well, I came straight here.

DICKIE
(surprised)
Why?

RIPLEY
Believe it or not I overshot. I was going to Sorrento and I fell asleep on the bus and the next thing I knew the driver was shouting *Mongibello*.

MARGE
How awful.

RIPLEY
Yes, but then, look, you find someone you know, or, you know - *knew*, so...

DICKIE
But isn't that what you came to get away from? I never understood why people are so pleased to see someone from back home.

MARGE
That's not fair, Dick. What about us?
(to Ripley)
(MORE)

MARGE (cont'd)
We met here.
(kicking Dickie)
We met in Europe!

DICKIE
Proves my point.

MARGE
Pig!

Ripley stands as they wrestle around him. Marge looks up.

MARGE
You should come and have lunch with us, before you go - Dickie?

DICKIE
Sure. Any time.

MARGE
And be careful in the sun. Your gray's in danger of turning a little pink.

RIPLEY
Thanks. Well, a coincidence.

13 **EXT. MIRAMARE HOTEL/GREENLEAF TERRACE. MORNING.** 1

Dickie is on the balcony of his house, dressed only in shorts and a Jazzman's PORKPIE HAT. He's playing the SAXOPHONE - but there's no sound. He goes back inside the house, comes back out, sax slung around his neck, eating a slice of pizza, looking out to the harbor where the sailboats glisten in the water. He turns and Marge appears on the terrace, carrying a telephone on a long flex, talking to him, again unheard, and holding up the phone for him to speak to. He BLOWS HIS SAX INTO THE PHONE, which prompts Marge to punch him in mock horror. She's wearing one of his sweaters.

ALL OF THIS IS FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF RIPLEY, who's watching the events on the Greenleaf terrace through binoculars from his own tiny balcony in the Miramare Hotel. As Dickie disappears inside the house, Ripley puts down the binoculars and picks up his own sandwich and the Italian Vocabulary Book perched on his knees and continues his study, mouthing the Italian words. He's gone native, and is dressed in shorts and flip-flops.

14 **EXT. MONGIBELLO. SUNDAY MORNING.**

ANOTHER DAY. Church Bells ringing. Dickie comes bumping down a cobbled path on the back of a MOTORSCOOTER, driven by a young beauty, SILVANA. She gets off and ducks into an alley while Dickie lounges, looks around a little furtively, then grins as Sylvan returns with a towel and transistor radio. She gets on again and the scooter rattles off down the path towards the sea. RIPLEY appears, unseen, clutching a book, having watched everything.

15 **EXT. MONGIBELLO. LATER, SUNDAY MORNING.** 15

LATER and Marge potters down the narrow alley on her Vespa, loaded up with groceries. Ripley comes the other way, casual, still with his book, but it's not an accidental meeting. She parks. Ripley holds up a hand in greeting. Marge is confused.

RIPLEY
It's Tom, Marge, Tom Ripley.

MARGE
Right! Of course, how are you! We thought you'd gone.

RIPLEY
No, still here. Getting settled.

MARGE
You must be invisible. Such a small place.

RIPLEY
(a little laugh)
Well.
(he points at her groceries)
Can I carry something?

MARGE
(handing over some bags)
Thanks.
(as they walk)
The other day was Dickie not friendly? He wasn't very, was he?

RIPLEY
No, he was okay.

MARGE
He's allergic, I think, to home. I think he hears the accent and panics.

RIPLEY
But not yours.

MARGE
No, he panics with me, too, but that's another fabula, as they say here.

They've reached A SMALL HOUSE, garden overgrown.

MARGE
This is me. Thanks.

RIPLEY
See you around.

Marge watches him walk away, feels guilty.

MARGE
Tom, what are you doing for lunch?

16 **INT. MARGE'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.** 1.

Marge lets Dickie in. He's sheepish, late.

DICKIE
I know, it's three o'clock, I'm late, I'm a swine.

MARGE
It's four o'clock.

DICKIE
I just woke up. I'm sorry,

MARGE
You just woke up!

INSIDE THE ROOM, listening, Ripley reacts, knowing this to be a lie.

DICKIE (O/S)
Fausto and I - we took the boat out, we were fishing, and then it was dawn and we'd caught absolutely nothing.

MARGE (O/S)
Well, we ate everything without you.

DICKIE (O/S)
We?

MARGE (O/S)
Yes, Tom Ripley's here.

Dickie walks past her, into the sitting room.

DICKIE
Who? Oh, Tom, hello, how are you? We thought you'd disappeared. We were going to send out a search party.

RIPLEY
No, still here.

MARGE
Tom was telling me about his passage over. Made me laugh so much I got a nosebleed.

DICKIE
Is that good?

MARGE
Shut up!

Marge flicks him with a napkin. They start to wrestle.

RIPLEY
I'm intruding.

DICKIE
Can you mix a martini?

RIPLEY
(hesitant)
Sure.

MARGE
(getting up, going out)
I'll do it. I make a fabulous martini.

DICKIE
Everybody should have one talent.
(to Ripley)
What's yours?

RIPLEY
Forging signatures. Telling lies.
Impersonating practically anybody.

DICKIE
That's three. Nobody should have more than one talent. Okay, do an impression.

RIPLEY
Okay. Wait a minute. Talent -
(his voice ages, his face changes)
The only talent my son has is for cashing his allowance.

DICKIE
(absolutely thrown)
What? What's this?

RIPLEY
I like to sail, believe me, I love to sail! Instead I make boats and other people sail them.

DICKIE
(incredibly impressed)
Stop! It's too much! You're making all the hairs on my neck stand up!

RIPLEY
(relishing it)
Jazz, let's face it, it's just an insolent noise.

DICKIE
I feel like he's in the room. Horrible. Like the old bastard was practically in the room! That's brilliant! How do you know him?

RIPLEY
I met him in New York.

DICKIE
Marge! You've got to hear this!

MARGE
(returning with the drinks)
What? What?

DICKIE
Meet my father, Herbert Greenleaf.

RIPLEY
Pleasure to meet you, Dickie's made a fine catch. I know Emily thinks so. An absolute winner.

MARGE
What's going on?

DICKIE
Uncanny!

MARGE
What's this? I don't get it.

RIPLEY
Could you ever conceive of going there, Tom, and bringing him back?

DICKIE
What?

RIPLEY
I'd pay you. If you would go to Italy and persuade my son to come home. I'd pay you $1000.

17 **EXT. MONGIBELLO. DUSK.**

Evening Mass is over and now the whole village is taking its *Passeggiata* in Sunday best. Girls arm in arm parade. Boys arm in arm evaluate. New babies are compared and fussed over. Old people smoke, talk, shrug. Dickie is walking with Ripley. Dickie is seething about his father's scheming.

DICKIE
Do you think he's insane?

RIPLEY
Who?

DICKIE
My father! To actually hire somebody to come all the way here to drag me back home - got to be insane, hasn't he?

They pass SILVANA. She's walking with a man, her fiancee, as part of a foursome. Her eyes flick towards Dickie, otherwise there's no acknowledgement.

RIPLEY
Well, no, I think your mother, her illness - that's part of the anxiety...

DICKIE
It's got nothing to do with my mother! She's had leukemia for - ! This is what makes me boil about him! HE wants me back! - it's got nothing to do with my mother.

RIPLEY
I don't know, Dickie, I'm just telling you what I -

DICKIE
(interrupting)
I set foot back home and he's got a leg-iron waiting at those shipyards and he can't wait to lock me in it and throw away the key.

18 **INT. RIPLEY'S ROOM AT THE MIRAMARE. EARLY EVENING.**

Dickie is trying on his new bathrobe. He's thrilled with it.

DICKIE
This is very cool.

Ripley's pulling out socks and other packages.

RIPLEY
And some socks and stuff. Oh, and there's medication for your sinuses.

DICKIE
I don't need that. That's New York up my nose. I don't get it here. I'm probably allergic to my father. You didn't buy any American cigarettes with his money, did you?

RIPLEY
I've got cigarettes.

DICKIE
So how did he recruit you? I've got to know. Did he go ransack the entire Princeton Cottage Club? It's so typical.

Ripley looks around for his cigarettes.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
And you, you bastard, all this time you've been spying on us, haven't you?

RIPLEY
I wasn't spying on you, I just didn't know how to kind of march up and -

DICKIE
Did he really offer you $1000?

RIPLEY
Actually he did, yes.

DICKIE
Bounty Money. Is that all I'm worth? And what, expenses?

RIPLEY
I'd always wanted to go to Europe. This way I could go to Europe for a reason.

DICKIE
And was it worth it?

RIPLEY
I take it that's a no...I'm not going to persuade you to go back...?

DICKIE
That's a no. You should have telephoned. Saved you a journey. Although the telephones never work. Nothing works in Italy. Have you noticed? One of the reasons I like it so much, you can disappear.
(offers his hand)
I was wrong about this place. Sad, isn't it? Like a monk's cell.

19 **EXT. CAFE ON THE HARBOR. MONGIBELLO. MORNING.**

ANOTHER DAY, Ripley watches from a cafe as A SAILBOAT edges slowly away from the harbor. He squints to read the name of the boat - ***BIRD*** - and then watches as Dickie skilfully manoeuvres the boat, with Marge and a handsome young Italian, FAUSTO, as willing-crew members, watching Dickie until he's a little speck and the two sails have caught the puffs of wind and billow out to carry the boat into the open sea. He has a

tote bag and is working on the stitching. He uses his teeth to tug at the thread, unpicking the seam.

20 **EXT. DICKIE'S HOUSE, MONGIBELLO, AFTERNOON.** 2

Ripley appears, with his meagre luggage at Dickie's front door. He's carrying the tote bag, stuffed, under his arm. Dickie opens the door.

RIPLEY
I hope you don't mind. I thought I'd say goodbye. I'm taking off.

DICKIE
Okay. Did you speak to my father?

RIPLEY
You were right about the telephones. There are no lines, there's some problem.

DICKIE
Bidets, that's the one thing you can rely on. Trains, phones: useless, no iceboxes, no - but there's always a bidet. What does that tell you about Italians?

Marge has appeared in the hall. Dickie turns.

DICKIE (cont'd)
Ripley's saying goodbye.

MARGE
Right. Where you going, Tom?

RIPLEY
Back, I suppose, slowly as I can.

He goes to shake her hand and as he releases the tote bag the seam splits and records spill to the floor scattering. He bends down, starts gathering them up. Marge helps.

RIPLEY (cont'd)
Oh, blast, sorry, this bag's -

Dickie's delighted when he sees the Jazz titles.

DICKIE
You like jazz!

RIPLEY
(gathering up the records)
I *love* jazz.

DICKIE
Thank God! A man after my own heart. A *spy* after my own heart.
(holding up a Coltrane)
This is the best. Marge says she likes
(MORE)

DICKIE (cont'd)
jazz, but she thinks Glenn Miller is jazz.

MARGE
I've never said that!

RIPLEY
Bird. That's jazz.

DICKIE
Bird! Ask me the name of my sailboat -

RIPLEY
I don't know. What's the name of your sailboat?

DICKIE
Bird!

MARGE
Which is ridiculous. Boats are female, everyone knows you can't call a boat after a man.

RIPLEY
He's not a man, he's a god.

DICKIE
Okay, we're going to Naples. There's a club, it's not a club, it's a cellar

MARGE
It's vile.

DICKIE
Yes, it's vile and the jazz is execrable. Don't worry, you don't have to come. Tom?

RIPLEY
I can't. I don't think I can.

DICKIE
You said you wanted to leave slowly. So leave tomorrow.

21 **EXT. MARGE'S HOUSE. EVENING.**

Marge watches as Dickie pushes HER SCOOTER out onto the street. Dickie pecks Marge. Ripley watches.

DICKIE
Where's the light?

Marge goes up the scooter, turns on the light, pokes him, affectionately. Ripley gets on behind Dickie.

MARGE
Hopeless. Remember, assume everybody on the road is a psychopath.

DICKIE
Go away. Don't watch me start. I always wobble the first few yards.

MARGE
Poor Tom.
(going in)
Ciao. Have fun. Can you sing?

Ripley turns, questioningly. Dickie gets going, and they wobble down the cobbled alley...

22 **EXT. CLIFF ROAD TO NAPLES. EVENING.** 2

Dickie and Ripley on Marge's Vespa. There's a steep incline where the road winds down towards Naples and, as the Vespa gains speed, Ripley is happy to cling to Dickie.

DICKIE
You're breaking my ribs!

RIPLEY
What?

DICKIE
You're breaking my ribs!

23 **INT. JAZZ CLUB, NAPLES. NIGHT.**

A cavern blue with smoke. A surprisingly good QUARTET imitate the Stan Getz sound. The two Americans are sitting, Dickie absorbed in the music, Ripley absorbed in Dickie. Fausto and a friend come up to their table and shake Dickie's hand, sit down. It's too noisy for conversation, but Dickie shouts introductions and they shake Ripley's hand. An attractive Italian girl, DAHLIA, comes over, kisses Dickie, pulls off his hat, puts it on, there's no room for her to sit, so she sits on Dickie's lap, smoking his cigarette. Dickie raises his eyebrow at Tom, but it's clearly no hardship. Then Fausto pulls a protesting Dickie up to the stage and the band strike up *Tu vuo' fa' L'Americano* - a hit which reflects the current craze for all things American. Fausto introduces Dickie.

FAUSTO
(in Italian)
Ladies and Gentleman. Dickie Greenleaf, all the way from America.

Fausto starts to sing. Dickie joins in the chorus. Everybody claps. Dickie talks off-mic to Fausto.

FAUSTO (cont'd)
And a big round of applause for a new friend from New York - Tom Ripley!

Ripley's mortified, but Dickie jumps off the stage and pulls him up. The song continues and now, at the chorus, it's Dickie and Ripley who have to sing. Ripley, of course, can sing well, if not confident in this arena. Soon the audience starts to get up on the tables and clap.

Later, Dickie is playing some sax and now Ripley's really singing, carrying the burden of *My funny Valentine* in a flawless imitation of Chet Baker. After a verse, there's spontaneous applause. Dickie beams at Ripley.

24 **EXT. JAZZ CLUB. LATE NIGHT.** 2

IN A DARK ALLEYWAY outside of the club, Dickie and Dahlia are having sex. Ripley stands a little way off with the Vespa. He looks miserable. From out of the shadows there's a giggle, then Dickie emerges, then Dahlia appears, too, fiddling with her shoe, before slinking back into the Club. As Dickie approaches, Ripley turns his head away.

DICKIE
Don't look at me like that.

RIPLEY
Like what?

DICKIE
Tell the truth, don't you just want to fuck everyone?

RIPLEY
Everyone? No.

DICKIE
Every girl you meet - just once - if you could get away with it. Just once! At home it's impossible to do the Big Deed without some sort of promise involved, it's like she's giving you a million dollars! But here we're still GIs - we won the war and they're still grateful, is my theory. Yet another good reason for never going back.

RIPLEY
Right.

DICKIE
(getting on the scooter)
Better call my dad and tell him. *Dear Mr. Greenleaf* - I'm dictating - *Dickie is unable to come home. Given even a conservative estimate of the female*
(MORE)

DICKIE (cont'd)
population of Europe he will be very busy for some time... No,no,no - better still, you're so good at imitations, go back, go back and be me!
(he's very drunk, considers the scooter)
Can you drive this thing?

Ripley gets in front, then pulls Dickie on behind him. The first few yards are terrifying then he finds his balance and they're away.

25 **EXT. CLIFF ROAD. NIGHT.** 25

The Vespa struggles up a winding hill. Ripley is fine, but Dickie is falling asleep. They go round a loose bend, no speed because of the incline, AND DICKIE SIMPLY FALLS OFF, tumbling into the darkness. Ripley stops, horrified, leaves the scooter - wheels spinning - on its side and runs to find Dickie.

RIPLEY
Dickie! Dickie!
(no response)
DICKIE! Come on...

DICKIE
(from a ditch)
Pit stop.

He gets up, brushing himself down.

RIPLEY
You idiot! What happened?

DICKIE
I fell asleep. I'm all right. I've got rubber bones.
(suddenly worried)
Where's my hat?

RIPLEY
I don't know.

DICKIE
(scouring the ground, using his cigarette lighter to see)
That hat came with my sax. The guy told me - which I totally believe - you can only play if you're wearing it because -

RIPLEY
Found it!

DICKIE
Where? Where are you?

Ripley flicks on his own lighter. He puts the hat on his head. Dickie comes over, takes the hat, cuffs Ripley's head playfully.

DICKIE
Genius. Thank you. What's that smell?

He walks over to the scooter. There's a trail of gas. He blows out his lighter, then wearily:

DICKIE
Perfect.

26 **EXT. ROAD. NIGHT.** 2

Darkness. The noise of heavy footsteps on the road.

DICKIE
Say when you're tired.

A cigarette lighter flicks weakly in the darkness revealing, momentarily, Ripley pushing Marge's scooter along the road.

RIPLEY
I'm tired.

Dickie walks back to Ripley and takes over the pushing, turning on the light of the scooter.

DICKIE
Tell me about New York, now I'm hating Italy, tell me about Tom Ripley in New York.

RIPLEY
You'll waste the battery.

DICKIE
If we can't drive it we might as well see by it.

RIPLEY
Okay - Tom Ripley in New York? I have nine jobs which don't add up to one job. I share an apartment building with people from all nations, none of them - believe me - exempt from stupidity, or dirt, or stealing the mail, or destroying the telephone - I have learned the word for *shit* in many languages, for *you have no mother or father*, which in my case is absolutely true, or might as well be. Ripley in New York? - I've left him behind, I waved him goodbye from the Boat, I said *you are shit and you have no mother or father*.

DICKIE
So why would you want me to go back?

RIPLEY
That's my life, not yours.

DICKIE
But if I go back so do you. Is that what you want?

RIPLEY
I can't just keep spending your father's money.

DICKIE
Why not? I just think you could have a lot of fun here. It was fun tonight, wasn't it? You can sing. I was impressed.

RIPLEY
(barely hiding his delight)
Yeah, I had fun. I never sang in front of an audience before. I like to hide behind the piano. Or just hide. I had great fun.

They've reached the top of a ridge and round the bend to see the dawn breaking and the water lapping at the coast. It's an exquisite sight. They stand together in silence.

DICKIE
Look at that, that's not bad, is it?

RIPLEY
Don't go back.

DICKIE
I'm not going to. And neither should you.

Ripley looks at Dickie. Dickie starts to sing the L'Americano song. Ripley joins in. They stand in the first light, a dawn chorus.

DICKIE (O/S)
(reading)
I have bumped into an old friend from Princeton - a fellow named Tom Ripley, who's down here for a few weeks. He says he's going to haunt me until I agree to come back to New York with him.

27 **INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE. NOON.**

Dickie, in his new dressing gown, is sitting at the table, typing. Ripley, carrying his suitcases, is passing by, blissfully happy. He listens to Dickie reading out...

RIPLEY
Do you always type your letters?
(points at the letter)
That should be two Ts.

DICKIE
I can't write and I can't spell. That's the privilege of a first-class education.

RIPLEY
Where am I going?

DICKIE
Upstairs at the back. I think Ermelinda made the bed up.

RIPLEY
This is so good of you.

DICKIE
Don't say it again. There's plenty of room and that's money saved we can spend on other things. Now you're a Double Agent. I was thinking we might buy a little car with what my Dad's paying you. What do you think, Marge...a little Cinquecento?

Marge has appeared, carrying Camparis.

MARGE
Dickie, you can't even drive a car! No, what we urgently need is an icebox. What do you think, Tom? Agree with me and I'll be your friend for life.

RIPLEY
I absolutely agree with Marge.

28 **INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS. DAY** 2

Ripley locates his room, puts down his luggage in what is a comfortable and simple room, then heads back downstairs only to be tempted by the open door of Dickie's bedroom.

29 **INT. DICKIE'S BEDROOM. DAY** 2

Ripley explores the casual elegance of Dickie's bedroom - the Louis Vuitton chest, the closet's open door spilling out shirts, ties. He strokes a cashmere jacket, a beautiful tuxedo. He examines some paintings, mostly nudes, all erotic. On the dressing table there are toiletries, cufflinks scattered, a silk tie. Ripley picks up the tie and walks towards the open window below which is a terrace where lunch is being laid. Marge and Dickie are chatting as Dickie opens a bottle of wine. Shreds of conversation float up to Ripley.

MARGE
No, I like him.

DICKIE
Marge, you like everybody.

Above them, Ripley repeats both these phrases, carefully, testing the cadences, *No, I like him. Marge, you like everybody*, until he's as accurate as a taperecorder.

30 **EXT. TERRACE OF DICKIE'S HOUSE. DAY**

Lunch is over and Ripley is changed and sitting at the table with Marge while Dickie works on the coffee. Ripley watches him, studying everything: the way he uses the expresso machine, the way he wears no socks, his pants, his rings.

RIPLEY
That ring's so great. The green one.

MARGE
(delighted)
Tom, I love you!
(to Dickie)
See!

DICKIE
(laughing, then to Tom)
Did she put you up to this?

RIPLEY
Marge? No, why?

MARGE
I bought it for him, for his birthday.

RIPLEY
It's superb.

DICKIE
I had to promise, capital P, never to take it off - otherwise I'd give it to you.

MARGE
(flicking a crumb at him)
Bastard!
(to Ripley)
Isn't it great, Tom? I found it in Naples. I bargained for about two weeks.

DICKIE
I hope it wasn't cheap.

RIPLEY
(to Marge)
I have to find a birthday present for Frances. Perhaps you can help me?

MARGE
Frances?

RIPLEY
My fiancee.

DICKIE
You're a dark horse, Ripley. Engaged? Who she?

RIPLEY
Your parents met her.

DICKIE
Oh God. I can just imagine - *if only Dickie would settle down... doesn't every parent deserve a grandchild? Frances, this is Dickie's christening gown...*

RIPLEY
That sort of thing.

DICKIE
Never! I swear on your ring, Marge. I am never going back.

31 **INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE. EVENING.**

Ripley is paging through his copy of the Collected Works of SHAKESPEARE. Dickie watches him, while pulling out a pad and filling up his Mont Blanc with ink. Idly, during this-

DICKIE
What were you actually doing in New York?

RIPLEY
I played piano in a few places.

DICKIE
That's one job, you told me eight.

RIPLEY
A few places - that's a few jobs. I don't want to think about home.

DICKIE
The mysterious Mr.Ripley. Marge and I spend hours speculating.

RIPLEY
Copy out from here...

He hands the book to Dickie, pointing out the lines.

DICKIE
You bring this to Europe with you, Shakespeare - that's so touching.

RIPLEY
(somehow humiliated)
What do you mean?

DICKIE
(laughing)
I don't know. It's quaint.

RIPLEY
Are you going to write something?

DICKIE
(starting to write)
You certainly didn't pack enough clothes. Ermelinda says you wash the same shirt out every night. Is that true?

RIPLEY
I miscalculated.

DICKIE
She can do that stuff for you. Anyway, just wear some of my things, wear anything you want, most of it's ancient.
(he's finished writing)
Is this enough? ***Stars, hide your fires; let not light see my black and deep desires.***
(checks which play)
Why this passage?

RIPLEY
Just something to write. Now your signature.

Dickie writes his signature at the bottom of the page. Ripley studies the writing, takes off his glasses to clean them. Dickie looks at him.

DICKIE
Without the glasses you're not even ugly.
(takes them, tries them on)
I don't need them because I don't read anything. How do I look?

RIPLEY
Like Clark Kent.
(takes them back, puts them on)
Now Superman.

Dickie cuffs him. Ripley looks down at the page.

DICKIE
I know. Illegible.

RIPLEY
Pretty vile. See this: the **S** and the **T**, do you see? - fine, vulnerable - that's pain, that's secret pain.

DICKIE
It must be a deep secret, cause I don't know about it.

RIPLEY
Your handwriting - nothing more naked.

DICKIE
I hate my writing, it's like a kid's.

RIPLEY
You're not fulfilled, either. Look - the reluctance to close the **n**, the **d**, the **d** again.

DICKIE
(getting intrigued)
Really, is that what that means?

RIPLEY
(pointing it all out)
Of course intelligent and impatient - and nothing is quite touching the line - that's vanity.

DICKIE
(flattered)
Well we certainly know that's true. And what about my signature?

Ripley picks up the pen, and with a flourish **produces a perfect forgery of his signature**, then looks up and smiles.

RIPLEY
Oh, I keep that and practice forging it.

32 **EXT. BIRD SAILBOAT. DAY**

The sailboat is anchored off the coast of Mongibello. Ripley lies, sun bathing, relaxed, reading his Italian Grammar. Fausto is on board, crewing the boat.

Marge and Dickie haul themselves up from the water. Dickie pushes her up the last few rungs of the ladder, and they dry each other. Dickie comes across to Ripley - who lights him a cigarette, the perfect valet - and looks at Tom's book.

DICKIE
That isn't the way to learn. We should get Fausto to come up to the house in the afternoons. Fausto - you'll come up and talk Italian to Tom?

FAUSTO
Certo.

DICKIE
Talk, talk and more talk, that's how I learned.

RIPLEY
Thanks, that'd be good.

MARGE
Bar's open.

She heads for the cabin. Dickie settles down beside Ripley.

DICKIE
Do you ski?
(Ripley frowns)
Don't tell me - you're a lost cause! That's the next thing to deal with. We're planning to go to Cortina at Christmas. Excellent skiing.

DICKIE
(as Marge reappears)
Marge - Ripley can't ski. We'll have to teach him that, too. Can't fish, can't swim, can't speak Italian - Did you ever know such low class?

MARGE
Poor Tom. Good thing we're not getting married. We might have to invite him on our honeymoon.

33 **EXT. MONGIBELLO. LATE DAY.** 3

Marge and Ripley are on a shopping expedition. They walk down the hill towards the grocery shop, next to the bar. Ripley, meanwhile has asked Marge how she and Dickie met.

MARGE
I'll tell you exactly what happened. I was in Paris, writing my book, and kind of in love, well not really, I loved Paris, and I was always going to this cafe in Montmatre, with Jean-Jacques, and for about a week, this is a true story, Dickie was busking outside - not because he had to, because it was the *thing* - and I would see him, and he would see me, and
(MORE)

MARGE (cont'd)
he would play *My Funny Valentine* every single time, which I thought was a, was his signal, it wasn't until later I found out he only knows about six songs...

They've arrived at the Grocery Store.

34 **INT. GROCERY SHOP. LATE DAY.** 3

They come through. The OLD WOMAN who owns the store greets them. Silvana, who's her daughter, is also there. She is less comfortable, busies herself.

MARGE
Anyway I looked forward to seeing him, I suppose, and -
(to the Woman, in Italian)
Buona Sera! *Oranges, please, and some bread, and some ham and what else? figs?*
(back to Ripley)
And then one day, we go in, I see Dickie, he starts playing My Funny Valentine, and then all of a sudden he just walks into the cafe, right in front of Jean-Jacques, and basically grabs me. He said - I'd never spoken to him before - he said *I'm going to Italy, tomorrow, and I want you to come with me.* So I did.
(to the Woman, in Italian)
No, no, but I'll take the cheese. Yes!

She's paying. Smiles. Ripley takes a shopping bag. They exit.

35 **EXT. MONGIBELLO. LATE DAY.** 3

They come out into the street, arm in arm, a bag each.

MARGE
(of Silvana)
Does she look at me in a weird way? I think she does, doesn't she?

Beyond the bar, there's A BOCCE AREA, where men throw metal balls along a track, aiming to get closest to a small cue. Dickie is there, playing intensely with Fausto and two other guys, one of whom we've seen before with Silvana. Ripley and Marge head home, taking in a few seconds of the Bocce en route. Dickie waves. They wave back.

MARGE (cont'd)
If you're not in by 7.00, Tom and I are running off together.

DICKIE
Okay.

36 **INT. MARGE'S HOUSE. EARLY EVENING.**

It's raining. Marge and Ripley are sitting in her living room. Ripley, avid, is reading from Marge's manuscript, Marge watching, anxious, over his shoulder. Dickie enters, wearing an apron, carrying a ladle and saucepan. Marge scowls at him.

MARGE
Go away.

DICKIE
Taste my stuffing. If you can identify 12 of the 22 ingredients, you win tonight's star prize.

He hands Marge the ladle and returns to the kitchen. Marge tastes then passes the ladle onto Ripley, who also tastes as he reads. Ripley shakes his head as he studies the book,

RIPLEY
I think you've just taught me algebra! It's beautiful.

MARGE
I think so. I think all math is beautiful. That's my point.

RIPLEY
No, I mean your book! your ideas! Using fairy tales, using music. It's great.

MARGE
(delighted)
Well, I think if you make something fun, kids will learn. I hope so. If I can ever finish it.

Ripley has been intrigued by a piece of furniture, which is decorated with a shawl and pieces of pottery.

RIPLEY
What is that? Is that a harmonium?

MARGE
I don't know if it works.

RIPLEY
I love this idea, to understand math by playing music.

He pulls at all the stuff on the instrument, opens the lid, starts pumping the bellows with his feet, props up Marge's manuscript, and begins to play. Marge stands over him, pointing out the numbers..

MARGE
See: 3.14159265 - that's *Pi!*

RIPLEY
- 358979! Brilliant.

Dickie canters down the hall playing his sax noisily.

MARGE
Shut up, you thug!!

DICKIE
(head around the door)
Tom, stop playing that disgusting thing.
I feel like I'm in Church.

Ripley segues effortlessly into *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring*.

MARGE
Tom likes my book.

RIPLEY
I love her book.

DICKIE
You can't love her book. You can love Marge. As we all do. You can like her book. It's a text book.

MARGE
Love me, love my book.

DICKIE
(of Ripley's pedalling)
Look at his feet, it's obscene.

RIPLEY
Love me, love my Bach.

Dickie goes back down the hall, honking his sax.

MARGE
Pagan!

DICKIE (O/S)
(honk-honk)
Love me, love my sax!

Ripley plays real passion. Marge is rapt.

MARGE
That's so beautiful, Tom.

Eventually, Dickie comes back down the corridor, stands in the doorway. Marge catches his eye. Ripley plays, then...

RIPLEY
Okay: Parsley, rosemary, basil, sage, onions, garlic, salt, how many's that?

DICKIE
Seven.

RIPLEY
More.

Dickie shoves the ladle towards his mouth, Ripley eats, plays, pumps the bellows and guesses ingredients. He's enjoying this virtuosity.

RIPLEY
Sugar, apple, bacon! honey! That's twelve. Sausage! Is that twelve?!

Ripley plays, engrossed. Marge listens. Dickie, Prince of this court, turns honking down the hall.

37 **INT. DICKIE'S BATHROOM. NIGHT.** 3

Dickie's in the bath. Ripley, dressed, sits by the bath on a stool. They're playing chess, the board propped on the bath tray next to a bottle of wine. Ripley puts his hand in the water, checking the temperature. He turns on the faucet for a burst of hot. Ripley is absurdly happy.

DICKIE
Do you have any brothers?

RIPLEY
No, no brothers, no sisters.

DICKIE
Me neither. Nor does Marge. All only children - what does that mean?

RIPLEY
Means we never shared a bath.

DICKIE
(moving a piece)
Check.

He looks at Ripley who looks at him, a little too long.

RIPLEY
I'm cold. Can I get in?

DICKIE
No!

RIPLEY
(taking a piece)
Check. I didn't mean with you in it.

DICKIE
(standing)
Okay, you get in. I'm like a prune anyway.

He gets out, walks past Ripley, who doesn't look around at him. Studies the board. As Dickie dries himself -

RIPLEY
I think it's stalemate.

38 **EXT. MONGIBELLO HARBOR. LATE DAY** 3

A WOMAN'S HEAD suddenly breaks the surface of the water.

It's a statue of the Virgin Mary, life size. As she is revealed, wooden, staring, four men emerge, lifting the statue on a palette, wading towards the shore, the Madonna aloft on their shoulders.

The whole town of Mongibello is in attendance for this Annual Festival of the Madonna della Mare, including the Parish Priest and altar boys and incense, and Ripley, Dickie and Marge. There are hymns and, as the statue is carried to the shore, the men's heads barely above the waves, the congregation applauds at the illusion that the Madonna is walking on water.

Suddenly ANOTHER HEAD appears on the surface of the water, about fifty yards from the statue. There's a scream from among the crowd as someone notices the body. It's a young woman. One of the MEN carrying the statue turns first towards the direction of the scream and then towards the floating corpse. He recognises her, and in a second has let go of the palette, CAUSING IT TO TOPPLE, and - in absolute grief - wades, swims, splashes towards the body, his fiancee, SILVANA, the girl Ripley saw in tryst with Dickie.

PANDEMONIUM in the crowd, which breaks up, with other people splashing, fully clothed, into the water. Dickie looks, stays as Marge and Ripley are pushed and push towards the scene. Ripley turns and looks at Dickie, catching his eye.

39 **EXT. PIAZZA ABOVE THE HARBOR. LATE DAY** 3

Marge and Ripley and Dickie watch as below them an AMBULANCE takes away the body. It seems as if the whole town looks on - fiancee, parents, brothers, sisters, police, priest, etc. As the corpse is loaded into the vehicle A BRIEF SCUFFLE occurs between Silvana's fiancee and another young man. They are pulled apart. Then the ambulance pulls away, a flotilla in convoy behind, mostly scooters and mopeds, some loaded with three or four people.

RIPLEY
What's the fight about?

DICKIE
(sharp)
I don't know!
(agitated)
How can it take an hour to find an ambulance?

MARGE
(conciliatory)
Well, she was already dead, darling, wasn't she, so I suppose -

DICKIE
I don't know why people say this country's civilised. It's so fucking primitive. Scratch the surface it's all pagan rites and women throwing themselves into the sea.

MARGE
We don't even know if she did throw herself in. And as opposed to what? What would this be in New York?

DICKIE
(walking away)
Faster.

MARGE
Where are you going? Dickie!

He keeps walking, down a small alley leading to their houses.

RIPLEY
I'll go and see what's the matter.

MARGE
I'll go.

Ripley watches as Marge catches up with Dickie. There's an exchange and again Dickie walks away. Marge, stranded, looks as if she'll come back to where Ripley waits, but in the event she walks forlornly away towards her own home.

40 **INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.**

Dickie, slumped in an armchair, plays sax. A forlorn, keening phrase. Ripley appears, begins tidying the mess of the living room. He keeps looking at Dickie.

RIPLEY
I know why you're upset. I know about Silvana, Dickie. About you and Silvana.

Dickie stops playing.

DICKIE
What about us?

RIPLEY
I saw you. I notice those things, anyway. It's a kind of intuition.

DICKIE
(mournful)
She was pregnant. Did you know that?

RIPLEY
I'm prepared to take the blame.

DICKIE
What are you talking about?

RIPLEY
I would take a bullet for you, Dickie. I'm the brother you never had. You're the brother I never had.

DICKIE
It wasn't me! I didn't make her pregnant! It just could have been me, that's all, at one time...and then she came to me for help, she needed money, and I didn't help her, I didn't want to get involved...

RIPLEY
I'm not going to say anything - to Marge, or anybody, the police - It's a secret between us and I'll keep it.

He carries on tidying. The perfect confidante.

RIPLEY
I don't have a fiancee.
(Dickie looks at him, uncomfortable)
Your father met me with a friend of mine, a singer, I accompany her sometimes - and he put two and two together and came up with something.

DICKIE
What's the difference?

RIPLEY
Of course. That's my point. That's what people are like. They want all the dots joined up. It's like you're never going to marry Marge, for instance, which is obvious - Fran and I were like that - pals - but people are such ignorant apes.

Still tidying, he finds the bra of a bikini in back of the couch, handles it as if it were an explosive.

DICKIE
You don't have to do that. Really. Ermelinda will be here in the morning.

RIPLEY
We don't have to live in a pigsty.

He goes into the kitchen, carrying debris.

RIPLEY (O/S)
Are we still going to Rome tomorrow? I hope so. I can't tell you how much I've been looking forward to that.

DICKIE
Sure.

RIPLEY
(returning)
I tell you what does worry me. This pursuit of women - in Dante, purgatory - if you chase women in life, you chase for ever in purgatory, just chasing and never catching.

DICKIE
And what would you be doing, Tom?

RIPLEY
What? I'd have to pretend, I suppose. I'd always be pretending. I don't care. Better than being my own crummy self.

DICKIE
(getting up, claustrophobic)
Then maybe that's what you'd have to be. Yourself.

41 **INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS OFFICE, NAPLES. DAY.**

An OFFICIAL is studying Dickie's passport photograph. It's not a recent picture. The official looks suspicious. Dickie is used to it.

DICKIE
Yes, it is me.

He's signing for his allowance. He has a smart document case with his initials prominently embossed. Ripley watches him sign and collect a large wad of notes.

CLERK
Letters - *Greenleaf*, and for *Ripley*.

Ripley collects and studies his mail, shows one letter to Dickie.

RIPLEY
Fran.
(anticipating her letter)
I miss you, when are you coming home? Stop telling me what a great time you're having, how you love Dickie.... and Marge and...
(the next letter)
Your dad...

42 **INT. TRAIN TO ROME. DAY** 42

Ripley sits reading the LETTER from Herbert Greenleaf. He frowns, stops reading, looks out of the window.

DICKIE
What does he say?

RIPLEY
He's getting impatient, I guess. He's looking for reassurance you'll be home by Thanksgiving.

DICKIE
(suddenly irritable)
Are you wearing my jacket?

RIPLEY
You said I could wear it any time I liked, so -

DICKIE
I'll show you a place in Rome where you can buy things - you must be sick of the same clothes. I'm sick of seeing you in them.

RIPLEY
Okay, but there's only so much money - you want me to buy cars, clothes, the icebox. It's supposed to cover expenses while I persuade you to go home. You get the allowance, not me.

DICKIE
I'll buy you a jacket, Tom, with my money. Don't worry about it.

Ripley is looking out of the window - his reflection hits Dickie's. AS HE MOVES HIS FACE HE COVERS DICKIE'S FACE WITH HIS OWN. He likes doing this.

43 **EXT. TRE SCALINI, PIAZZA NAVONA, ROME DAY.** 4

Ripley and Dickie sit a table outside the Tre Scalini in the Piazza Navona. Very smart, very sophisticated, very young crowd. There are already several empty coffee cups and a half empty bottle of Frascati. Ripley has his guide book out and is incredibly impatient. Dickie, meanwhile, has stretched out for the duration.

RIPLEY
Where do we find a carozza for the Forum, or can we hire any of them - ?

DICKIE
Relax.

RIPLEY
It's just there's so much to do in a single day.

DICKIE
You'll find out more about Rome sitting here than plodding around the Coliseum behind a busload of hausfrau. The most important question is where to eat. I hope Freddie booked somewhere.

RIPLEY
Freddie?

DICKIE
Freddie Miles. I sent him a telegram last week. He's in Rome all this month. He's organizing the Cortina skiing trip.

Ripley hates the idea of having this special day invaded. Two girls go by, their walk scrutinised by every male at every table, including Dickie, excluding Ripley.

DICKIE
Americans make a great mistake in not knowing how to study life from a sidewalk table.

FREDDIE MILES illegally parks his black Fiat coupe opposite the cafe, sees Dickie and bustles over. He's a heavy-set American with a reddish crewcut. Ripley finds him disgusting to look at. Dickie is delighted.

DICKIE
Frederico!

FREDDIE
Ciao bello.

They kiss cheeks, continental-style.

DICKIE
This is Tom Ripley. Freddie Miles.

FREDDIE
(mugging)
Hey, if I'm late, think what her husband's saying!

He fills Dickie's glass with wine and drinks it standing up.

FREDDIE
We should go. I got us a table outside at Fabrizio's.

And Dickie's up, leaving Ripley to pick up all the tiny checks to work out the bill and pay it.

DICKIE
I'll tell you - I am so cabin-crazy with Mongi.

Freddie and Dickie link arms Italian-style and cross the street to Freddie's car. Ripley, abandoned, looks over.

44 **INT. A JAZZ RECORD STORE. LATE AFTERNOON.** 4

This record store is hidden away down a cobbled alley, and stuffed with the trendiest Romans, all of whom rifle the stacks under a fog of cigarette smoke. There are two LISTENING BOOTHS, one of which has Freddie and Dickie crammed into it, sharing a set of headphones. Ripley is absolutely lost, standing outside the booth, holding both of their jackets like a manservant, while inside and behind the glass doors they chat animatedly. He looks longingly at the street, where the light is fading. Dickie catches his hangdog expression and pushes open the accordion doors.

DICKIE
Look, Tom, we've got to go to a club and meet some friends of Freddie's. The best thing is - if you want to be a tourist - grab a cab and we can meet up at the railway station.

RIPLEY
(absolutely crestfallen)
What club?

DICKIE
Come if you want. Freddie's arranged it with some of the skiing crowd. Up to you, but I thought you wanted to see the Forum...?

RIPLEY
I did. And then maybe get the jacket and what have you...

DICKIE
What jacket?

RIPLEY
You were going to get me a jacket...

FREDDIE
(from inside the booth)
Dick - you've got to hear this!

DICKIE
(oblivious to Ripley's pain)
Just keep that one. I just went round the Forum with Marge, and once is enough, frankly, in anyone's life.

RIPLEY
I'll meet you at the station.

He hands him the coats, turns away.

DICKIE
Ciao. Have fun.

Ripley heads for the door, then comes back, raps on the booth. Dickie pushes it open.

RIPLEY
You said to make sure you didn't miss the train. It leaves at eight.

45 **EXT. THE COLISEUM. LATE AFTERNOON.**

Ripley sits, studying the coliseum. This is the real Ripley, the lover of beauty, inspired by art, by antiquity. He's awed. He's cold. He so much wishes he weren't alone.

46 **INT. ROME RAILWAY STATION. NIGHT.**

It's past eight, Ripley stands, one foot on the guard step of the Naples train, waiting forlornly for Dickie, then giving up as the train pulls away. He pulls the door to his compartment closed, and sits inside the train alone.

47 **EXT. DICKIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.**

Ripley arrives back in Mongibello, his flashlight lighting up the dark entrance to Dickie's house.

48 **INT. DICKIE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.**

Ripley comes into Dickie's room. He pulls back the covers of Dickie's bed and, for a second, slips inside. Now he opens one of the closets with its bulge of jackets and shirts. He uses some of Dickie's cologne, looking at himself, and then almost unconsciously starts to pull out clothes.

There's music playing now, Opera. Very loud. He comes back to the mirror, SPECTACLES ABANDONED and FULLY DRESSED AS DICKIE IN HIS TUXEDO. He adjusts his hair, catches one of Dickie's expressions. And, indeed, there's a striking resemblance.

DICKIE (O/S)
What are you doing?

Ripley turns, horrified, to see Dickie standing in the doorway. The music thumps away.

RIPLEY
Oh - just amusing myself. Sorry, Dickie.
(pause)
I thought you weren't coming back.

Dickie turns off the record player.

DICKIE
I wish you'd get out of my clothes.

Ripley starts undressing, his fingers clumsy with mortification and shock. Dickie looks at his feet, shakes his head.

DICKIE
Shoes too? Are you crazy?

RIPLEY
(lame, ashamed)
I was just fooling around. Sorry.

DICKIE
Get undressed in your own room, would you?

RIPLEY
I thought you'd missed the train.

DICKIE
Freddie drove me back in his car.

RIPLEY
Is Freddie here?

DICKIE
He's downstairs.

RIPLEY
I was just fooling around. Don't say anything.

49 **EXT. OUTSIDE RIPLEY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.**

Dickie approaches the door, where his tuxedo is on a hanger, the dress shoes placed neatly underneath. He collects them, turns, and then goes back to the door, knocks.

RIPLEY (O.S.)
Come in.

50 **INT. RIPLEY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.**

Ripley is in bed, in his pyjamas. His room, as ever, austere and immaculate. Dickie comes in.

DICKIE
Look, I'm not queer, okay?

RIPLEY
Queer? I never thought you were queer. I'm not queer.

DICKIE
Freddie thinks you are.

RIPLEY
Why? Why should he? He doesn't even know me.

DICKIE
I just want to make that absolutely clear. I'm not a sissy.

RIPLEY
You did.

Dickie leaves. Shuts the door. Ripley turns off his light.

51 **EXT. DICKIE'S TERRACE. DAY**

Ripley comes down, apprehensive, to find Marge and Dickie and Freddie having a jolly breakfast on the terrace. Dickie looks perfectly happy, and Ripley is relieved just to sit down.

RIPLEY
Morning.

MARGE
Hi, Tom.

FREDDIE
You should have waited last night. You could have come back with us in the car.

RIPLEY
Waited where? I didn't know there was a plan...

DICKIE
There was no plan. Tom always likes a plan.

RIPLEY
No, I don't.

FREDDIE
I want this job of yours, Tommy. I was just saying - whoa! You live in Italy, sleep in Dickie's house, eat Dickie's food, wear his clothes, and his father picks up the tab. If you get bored, let me know, I'll do it!

DICKIE
He means my jacket.
(as if to Marge)
I gave Tom my jacket.

MARGE
(to Ripley's defence)
That's not quite fair. We made Tom stay here, and we turned him into our Double Agent, didn't we? - and the icebox - which is a godsend, that's the most important thing - Tom bought that.

FREDDIE
Cool.

52 **EXT. MONGIBELLO HARBOR. DAY** 5

The Bird pulls away from the harbor. Dickie is very much Captain of the Ship, clambering around, shouting instructions, with Ripley, Marge and Freddie as crew. And then the boat is under sail and in the open sea and it's idyllic.

53 **EXT. THE OCEAN, ABOARD THE BIRD. DAY** 5

The boat is drifting. Freddie and Dickie and Marge are snorkelling, then Marge climbs back onto the boat, where Ripley is in his familiar position, reading.

MARGE
You really should go in, it's incredible.

RIPLEY
I'm fine.

She approaches him, conscious of his isolation. She's in a red bikini, and she towels herself dry as they speak.

MARGE
Are you okay?

RIPLEY
Sure.

They watch Dickie and Freddie fooling around in the water.

MARGE
The thing with Dickie - it's like the sun shines on you and it's glorious, then he forgets you and it's very very cold.

RIPLEY
So I'm learning.

MARGE
(with feeling)
He's not even aware of it. When you've got his attention you feel like you're the only person in the world. That's why everybody loves him. Other times...

There's a yell from Dickie as Freddie wrestles with him.

DICKIE
(laughing and choking)
He's drowning me!

MARGE
It's the same every time someone new comes into his life - Freddie, Fausto, Peter Smith Kingsley - did you meet him? any of his friends - and you, of course... and that's only the boys.

They watch as Freddie pushes Dickie under the surface.

MARGE
Tell me, why is it when men play they always play at killing each other...? By the way, I'm sorry about Cortina.

RIPLEY
What about Cortina?

MARGE
Didn't Dickie say? - he talked to Freddie... apparently it's not going to work out - it's because everyone else can ski and it effects where you stay.
(Ripley's devastated, Marge notices, can't look at him)
Keep it up Freddie, there are still signs of life!!
(to Ripley)
What will you do? Will you go back for Thanksgiving, see your fiancee? - Fran, is that her name?

54 **EXT. OCEAN, ABOARD THE BIRD. DUSK.**

LATER and now the boat is sailing again. Ripley is sitting in his spot. Dickie and Freddie are at the steering wheel. Marge appears from the cabin. She's still in her bikini. Dickie's

at the wheel. She says something in his ear, then heads back into the cabin. Dickie makes a face at Freddie.

DICKIE
Do you think you can steer this thing?

FREDDIE
Sure.

DICKIE
Just point her towards Capri and avoid the rocks.

FREDDIE
What are you doing?

DICKIE
(heading towards the cabin)
Marge-maintenance.

Freddie takes over the wheel. There's quite a breeze and the sailboat cuts through the water.

From where Ripley sits he can see Capri in the distance, but he can also look down into the cabin, its porthole offering him a restricted view.

He looks down and there's a flash of the tomato red, then flesh, then nothing. Then as the boat swings with the waves, he glimpses the bikini top flung over a chair, and then Marge's bare foot kicking out rhythmically, the red-painted toes straining. Ripley's mesmerized, aroused, and absolutely betrayed.

FREDDIE
(calling out)
Tommy - How's the peeping!

Shamed, Ripley looks away. He stares at the water, parting before the boat, its turmoil reflecting his.

RIPLEY (O/S)
Dear Tom, in view of the fact Dickie shows no more signs of coming home than before you went...blah blah blah

55 **EXT. AMERICAN EXPRESS, NAPLES. DAY**

- Ripley and Dickie are walking out of the American Express Office, Dickie pushing the rest of his money into his case, Ripley - despondent - reading aloud extracts from a letter from Herbert Greenleaf -

RIPLEY
(reading)
-I hope the trip has afforded you some pleasure despite the failure of its main objective...blah blah blah... you need
(MORE)

RIPLEY (cont'd)
no longer consider yourself obligated to us in any way -

Ripley crumples the letter into his hand.

DICKIE
You can't blame him. You could hardly expect this to go on forever.

RIPLEY
I thought you might write again. If I'm going to stay a Double Agent.

DICKIE
I can't, how can I, in all decency. We've had a good run, haven't we?

RIPLEY
What about Venice? Can we stick to that plan at least?

DICKIE
I don't think so, Tom. I'm getting sick of Mongi. I really want to move to the North. I need to go up to Porto Ercoli or San Remo, find somewhere closer to Europe to keep the boat. It's true what Freddie says - south of Rome and you're practically in Africa.

They've arrived at the scooter. Dickie's had an idea.

DICKIE
(getting on the scooter)
It would be great, though, if you came with me up to San Remo. I want to keep it a secret from Marge. If you could say you wanted to go? Or even that we were still going to Venice? Just a little lie...what do you think? A last trip?

He kick-starts the scooter.

RIPLEY
Sure.

He gets on the scooter. Dickie is oblivious to his pain.

56 **INT. TRAIN TO SAN REMO. AFTERNOON.**

Dickie and Ripley travel up to San Remo. Ripley plays his familiar game of studying his face in the reflection of the train window, so that he can move his head and see his reflection, then back and see Dickie's. Dickie suddenly catches him staring. Ripley looks away.

DICKIE
Why do you do that thing - with your neck? On trains you always do that thing, it's so spooky.

Then the sign announcing SAN REMO slides in behind Ripley's head and the train has arrived.

57 **EXT. HOTEL TERRACE RESTAURANT, SAN REMO. NIGHT.** 57

Dickie and Ripley walk through the terrace of the hotel which lips out towards the sea. There's a restaurant and palms and a JAZZ QUARTET playing, American. Very cool. They pass the band, the drummer playing an extrovert solo. Dickie's captivated and chats excitedly as they head for their table. They pass some girls at a table. Dickie smiles greedily.

DICKIE
Didn't I tell you San Remo was crazy! This is what I'd heard about - Jazz on the Beach! - all the way up to St. Tropez - we should make a pilgrimage.

They're shown to a good table overlooking the sea. Dickie watches the band while their glasses are filled with champagne. Ripley looks happy. He's got Dickie all to himself.

RIPLEY
To Mongibello and the happiest days of my life.

DICKIE
To Mongi. You're cheerful tonight.

RIPLEY
I'm suddenly quite happy to be going back.

DICKIE
That's good.

RIPLEY
I've got plans!

DICKIE
Ripley's plans.

RIPLEY
Esatto. I'm always planning.

DICKIE
Did I know you at Princeton, Tom? I didn't, did I?

RIPLEY
Why are you asking all of a sudden?

DICKIE
No reason. Because you're leaving, I guess. I don't think you were there, were you?

RIPLEY
Why?

DICKIE
I mean it as a compliment. You've got such great taste, but it's like you've never in your life experienced a decent glass of wine, or owned a good suit...the way you look at my cufflinks, I don't know. Most of the vandals at Princeton had tasted everything and had no taste. Used to say, the cream of America: Rich and thick. Freddie's the perfect example.

RIPLEY
Then I'll take it as a compliment.

DICKIE
I knew it! I had a bet with Marge!

RIPLEY
(a beat)
Ha.

DICKIE
Do you even like jazz - or was that something for my benefit?

RIPLEY
(conceding, without guile)
I've got to like it. I've got to like everything about the way you live.

DICKIE
(watching the drummer)
I'm thinking of giving up the sax, what do you think about drums?

RIPLEY
You're not serious?

DICKIE
Why not? So cool. And you don't have to play scales on the drumkit.

He mimes a high-hat and snare. Ripley can't quite credit this - its superficiality.

58 **EXT. THE BEACH AT SAN REMO. MORNING.**

Dickie and Ripley are standing on a SMALL WOODEN PIER where a pack of Sailboats are moored. Dickie shakes the hand of the

HARBOR MASTER with whom he's arranged berthing rights. They walk back passing a row of LITTLE BLUE AND WHITE MOTOR BOATS - a dozen or more - lined up at beach end of the pier. Dickie approaches and barters with THE OWNER who - with sighs and complaints - accepts the amount Dickie is offering. The Owner kneels in the boat to show them how to use the motor, with Dickie - the Sailor - impatient of his explanations.

Some GYMNASTS are rehearsing their routines on the beach. They wear bikini briefs which reveal glistening muscles as they form a pyramid and boost the youngest and smallest of the company to the top of the pyramid where he stands, poised, his arms open, as if receiving applause. Ripley's momentarily transfixed. Dickie cuffs him, not unkindly.

DICKIE
You should see yourself sometime.

They get into the boat. The Owner heaves up the large block of cement which anchors the boat and lodges it in the floor of the boat next to the oars, salutes them away. AND THEY'RE OFF, Dickie at the tiller, sending the boat roaring away with an spray of foam into the Mediterranean.

DICKIE
Wasn't this a great idea!

RIPLEY
Dickie, slow down, it's too fast...

Ripley grips the oar, his knuckles white. Dickie cuts the motor, and the boat slows to a crawl, miles from the shore.

DICKIE
I'm sorry, it's just such a kick.

Ripley lights a cigarette for them both. Dickie take his, smokes, then drums against the edge of the boat, developing a rhythm with his lighter and fingers.

RIPLEY
I wanted to tell you my plan.

DICKIE
Oh, right. Go ahead.

RIPLEY
I thought I might come back. In the New Year. Under my own steam.

DICKIE
(suddenly tight)
Really? To Italy?

RIPLEY
Of course. Let's say, for argument's sake, you were here - perhaps we could split the rent on a house - I'll get a
(MORE)

RIPLEY (cont'd)
job - or, better still, I could get a place in Rome and when we're there we could be there and if we're here we could be here -

DICKIE
Oh God, I don't think so.

RIPLEY
- you see, particularly with the Marge problem, you can just blame me.

DICKIE
I'm going to ask Marge to marry me.

RIPLEY
(appalled)
How?

DICKIE
How?

RIPLEY
This morning you're looking at girls on the beach, this afternoon you're getting married. It's absurd.

DICKIE
I love Marge.

RIPLEY
You love me and you're not marrying me.

DICKIE
Tom, I don't love you.

RIPLEY
No, no, it's not a threat, I've explained all of that.

DICKIE
I'm actually a little relieved you're going, if I'm honest. I think we've seen enough of each other for a while.

Ripley stares at him, his eyes suddenly reptilian.

RIPLEY
The funny thing - *I'm* not pretending to be somebody else and *you* are. I'm absolutely honest with you. I've told you my feelings. But you, first of all I know there's something - that evening when we played chess, for instance, it was obvious -

DICKIE
(incredulous)
What evening?

RIPLEY
Sure - I know, that's too dangerous for you to take on, fair enough, hey! we're brothers, fine, then you do this sordid thing with Marge, fucking her on the boat while we all have to listen, which was excruciating, frankly, plus you follow your cock around like a - and now you're getting married! I'm bewildered, forgive me...you're not queer, you're lying to Marge then getting married to her, you're knocking up Silvana, you've got to play sax, you've got to play drums, which is it, Dickie, what do you really play?

Dickie, furious, gets up, revs up the engine.

DICKIE
Who are you - some imposter, some third class mooch - who are you to tell me anything? Actually, I really really really don't want to be on this boat with you, it's just like the whole last few months: I can't move without you moving, it gives me the creeps. You give me the-

RIPLEY SMASHES HIM ACROSS THE HEAD WITH THE OAR. DICKIE SLIPS OFF THE WOODEN SEAT, HIS EYES ROLLING IN GROGGY SURPRISE.

RIPLEY
Shut up! Just shut up! Just shut up!

The boat slows as Dickie releases the tiller. Dickie looks up at Ripley wearily and slides onto his back.

DICKIE
For God's sake.

Ripley, shocked at himself, goes to Dickie, rocking the boat, catches him up. He takes him in his arms, almost like a lover, then is horrified to see Dickie's face, apparently unmarked, suddenly split open, a line of blood and then a peeling like a fruit bursting. Ripley's appalled. Dickie reaches up at him, to fight him off. Ripley stands up again, pushing him away, picking up the oar, kicking off Dickie's hand around his ankle.

Ripley hits him again and again. Dickie slides onto his back, groaning and twisting in the bottom of the boat. Blood appears on the blade, then on Ripley. A bloody arm waves limply as if to stop the blows. The boat is rocking and swerving crazily as Dickie falls against the tiller. Ripley almost loses his balance. His glasses come off. A terrible roar issues from Dickie as he tries to launch himself again

at Ripley, and this has Ripley backing away and prompts another half dozen blows, the oar like a carpet-beater banging down flat onto Dickie until Ripley is on his knees, heaving for breath, letting his arm drop, then realizing, disgusted, that he's let it rest in a pool of blood. He starts to sob, sprawls there, sobbing, next to Dickie.

After a while he looks around. Nobody's in sight. Now he's examining Dickie and he pulls off his green ring, then the other, tighter, signet ring. There's blood everywhere. Ripley swills the rings in the water, then pockets them. Now he's going through Dickie's pockets, pulling out a keychain, a lighter, Dickie's alligator wallet.

He's tied the rope attached to the cement weight around Dickie's bare ankles in a huge and over-elaborate knot.

HE HEAVES THE WEIGHT OVER. It sinks through the transparent water, drawing the rope taut on Dickie's ankle, Ripley is helping, lifting up the legs, and when the heavy part of the body sticks at the gunwale, it takes an almighty effort to get the body over the side where it disappears.

The pretty blue-and-white boat chugs peacefully. The sea calms.

59 **EXT. SAN REMO SHORE. AFTERNOON.** 5

This is a cove several miles along the coast. No real beach, and a litter of pine trees shielding the inlet from the nearby road.

THE BOAT IS FULL OF STONES, and even a huge piece of driftwood the size of a man, which Ripley gets to the shore by a series of cartwheels, using its weight. Then he pushes the boat out, walking alongside it in the cold sea, and starts to rock it, forcing the boat to take in water, to sink under the weight of stones and water, at which point he gives it an almighty shove and pushes it out as far as he can, ploughing on until he's up to his neck. It disappears.

60 **EXT. SAN REMO. DUSK** 6

RIPLEY WALKS INTO TOWN. He's wearing Dickie's jacket over his bathing suit and sandals, and carries the rest of the clothes in a bundle under his arm. It's cold.

61 **INT. HOTEL. EVENING.** 6

Ripley approaches the desk. He's shivering. He squints without his glasses.

RIPLEY
Can I have my key, please?

RECEPTIONIST
(at the key rack)
Of course. Signor Greenleaf? Yes? But you must be very cold?

RIPLEY
No, I'm not - I'm not, uh
(and in that moment it all comes to him)
I was going to say *no I'm not cold*, but now I realize I am. I'm frozen. Can you prepare my bill, please, and also Mr. Ripley's? We're checking out.

RECEPTIONIST
(concerned)
Oh?

RIPLEY
Mr. Ripley met a pretty girl on the beach - French, from Paris, so...

RECEPTIONIST
(knowingly)
Ah, Paris. No sister?

RIPLEY
No sister.

62 **INT. DICKIE'S HOTEL ROOM. EVENING.** 6

Ripley walks into Dickie's Room, goes to the bathroom, turns on the faucet, sending up a cloud of steam, then opens the closet on Dickie's clothes and flicks through them, selecting some of his favorites. He goes back into the bathroom, leaving the door open. You can hear his gasp at the scalding heat of the water, then a few seconds later, Ripley is singing. *Mache Dich, mein Herze Rein.*

63 **EXT. MONGIBELLO. DAY**

The BUS comes into town. Ripley gets out, looks calm, very together. FAUSTO is standing at a bar drinking a coffee. Ripley waves, crosses the street and greets Fausto with the double kiss.

64 **INT. DICKIE'S BEDROOM. MONGIBELLO. DAY.**

Ripley has Dickie's Hermes Baby typewriter on the desk and is busy writing letters. He has finished a letter to the Greenleafs, now he's at the end of one to Marge. We can read part of it *C/O American Express, Rome 9 November 1958. Dear Marge, this is a difficult letter for me to write...* Ripley produces the Shakespeare and Signature page and COPIES DICKIE'S SIGNATURE at the end of the letter.

65 **EXT. MARGE'S HOUSE, MONGIBELLO. DAY** 6

Ripley walks into Marge's garden and up to the open window of her living room, where she is working at her book on the table, surrounded by references and notes. He looks at her until she looks at him. She's startled, gasps.

RIPLEY
Hello Marge.

MARGE
Tom, you startled me! You're back.

RIPLEY
How are you? Sorry.

MARGE
Yes - I'm on a good streak, thanks. You look happy.

RIPLEY
No, I was just looking at you -
(looking at her tenderly)
- so quiet. I was imagining you working here all day and forgetting to eat and... makes me want to come and take care of you.

MARGE
Tom, you know I never forget to eat! Where's Dickie?

RIPLEY
He didn't come back.
(Marge looks at him)
I think he's planning on staying in Rome for a few days.

MARGE
Ha. Did he say why?

RIPLEY
I don't know. I don't understand Dickie, Marge, so your guess is as good as mine.

MARGE
What does that mean?

RIPLEY
Well, one day I'm invited skiing, the next day I'm not, one day we're all one family, the next day he wants to be alone. You tell me.

MARGE
Is that what he said - he wanted to be alone?

RIPLEY
He was thinking of you, Marge - he asked me to deliver this.

He hands her a package through the window. She pulls at it, it's perfume.

MARGE
Thanks. He knows I love this, although why it couldn't have waited...

RIPLEY
Errand number one - deliver Marge's perfume. Errand number two, pack some clothes and his precious saxophone.

MARGE
(alarmed)
How long's he staying for?

RIPLEY
Search me. I guess we're abandoned. Will you let me make you supper before I go?

MARGE
Are you going to Rome?

RIPLEY
I'm going home, back to New York, but I'll stop off with his things, yes, on the way. Think about tonight. We can make him jealous.

Marge frowns, watches him go.

66 **INT. DICKIE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.**

Ripley pulls back the cover on Dickie's bed, AND GETS IN.

67 **INT. DICKIE'S BEDROOM. MORNING.**

Ripley, wearing Dickie's Pork Pie Hat, has finished packing. TWO LARGE SUITCASES ARE ALREADY FILLED. Only one remains. He has laid piles of paper on the bed - bank-books, check-books, and so on - some of which he now puts inside Dickie's leather business folder, the rest into a large envelope. He also puts Dickie's jewelry into a leather case with HRG initialled on it. Then he puts the SAX into its case.

He hears VOICES downstairs and skims the hat onto the bed.

68 **INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.**

Ripley walks in to discover Marge at the icebox. She's fixing herself a drink, has the icebox open for ice. She's ashen, and might have been weeping.

MARGE
I just got a letter from Dickie. You realize it's more than a few days? He's thinking of **moving** to Rome.

She bangs out the ice onto the counter, cubes falling everywhere. Ripley drops to the floor and starts to clear them up. She's got the letter, shows it to Ripley.

MARGE
He's just impossible. He can't even write the envelope. World's worst handwriting.

Ripley puts fresh ice into her glass.

MARGE
Thanks. You knew about the letter, didn't you? Ermelinda tells me you've been packing all of Dickie's things.

RIPLEY
Yes, sort of. If you'd turned up last night I would have told you.

MARGE
Did Dickie ever say anything about meeting someone else...?

RIPLEY
What do you mean?

MARGE
Another woman? I don't know.
(Ripley looks away)
I don't know. It even crossed my mind - which I'm ashamed of - that you and he, that there was something between you and he and -

RIPLEY
Marge. I'm engaged! He's engaged to you!

MARGE
I know. I know. The thing is, the night before he left, we talked about moving, together, going North, Porto Ercoli or somewhere, anyway leaving Mongi - and I suppose I put some pressure on him, about getting married, and I'm just - I just must have scared him off.

RIPLEY
The night before we left?

MARGE
Yeah.

RIPLEY
I don't think so, Marge. We didn't even see you that night.

MARGE
Tom, you know I stay over every single night. You don't have to be a gentleman.

RIPLEY
(shocked)
Okay.

MARGE
Sometimes, I wish I could just bring my clothes over and officially move in - you can get so sick of the dawn trudge before Ermelinda arrives - who knows anyway. Dick's so proper about some things. There's a side to him, when our heads are on the pillow, I know no-one else sees it, really tender.
(unravelling)
I think I should come with you to Rome and just confront him.

RIPLEY
Maybe.

Ripley lights a cigarette. Marge loses confidence.

MARGE
He hates being confronted.

RIPLEY
I think you're right. Let me talk to him before I go traveling.

MARGE
Dickie says I should take the icebox to my place, by the way.

RIPLEY
Right.

MARGE
It's turned so cold now I don't need it.

69 **INT. LOCARNO HOTEL, ROME. DAY.**

RIPLEY'S BATTERED CASES are carried into the tiny lobby of this small hotel.

He exchanges his passport at the desk for his room key, then makes his way, carrying his own luggage to the metal cage elevator.

70 **INT. HOTEL D'INGHILTERRA. DAY** 70

DICKIE'S ARRAY OF LEATHER LUGGAGE is pulled along on a baggage trolley by a liveried PORTER.

Dickie's passport slides across the marble desk. A key comes back, collected by a hand sporting Dickie's two distinctive rings. As ALDO, the Front Desk Manager, inspects the passport, he looks at the owner. Ripley wears a terrific suit, his hair parted in the Greenleaf style, no glasses. His voice, when he speaks, has the same, lazy, confident drawl.

ALDO
Signor Greenleaf, your first time with us at the Inghilterra?

RIPLEY
No.

Aldo checks their card system. Ripley stays calm.

ALDO
Ah, of course. Welcome back.

RIPLEY
(walking away)
Thank you.

ALDO
Signor Greenleaf -
(Ripley turns)
Then you'll want your regular suite?

RIPLEY
Isn't this it?

ALDO
No, I'm sorry.
(taking back the key)
No terrace.

RIPLEY
(accepting the new key)
Thank you.

71 **INT. RIPLEY'S SUITE. INGHILTERRA. DAY**

The PORTER takes the cases and opens them as Ripley walks around the suite. It's large and splendid. Ripley breathes in its opulence. He immediately picks up the telephone.

RIPLEY
Yes, I'd like you to telephone the Hotel Locarno. Yes. I want to speak to Signor Thomas Ripley - No Ripley, R, yes. Grazie.

He puts down the phone, flops on the bed surrounded by Dickie's luggage. Talks to himself, smirking.

RIPLEY
But Signor Ripley is not there. Alas, Signor Ripley is not anywhere.

He covers himself in neckties and Dickie's collection of leather goods, his writing case, a toilet bag. The telephone rings.

RIPLEY
Pronto? Signor Ripley is not there? I'd like to leave a message. Yes. Please call Dickie - *Dickie* - at the Inghilterra.

72 **INT. RIPLEY'S HOTEL ROOM. LOCARNO. DAY**

A tiny, cell of a room, single bed. Ripley on the phone.

RIPLEY
He's not there? Very well. I'll leave a message - *Got your call. Dinner tonight sounds fine. Ripley.*
(listens as it's read back)
Dinner tonight, yes, is okay. Yes, thank you.

73 **INT. GUCCI STORE. DAY**

Ripley has bought some more LEATHER GOODS - a briefcase and overnight bag. He is at the counter, signing checks.

RIPLEY
I'd like these to have my initials - embossed, I don't know the word in Italian ...embossed?

GUCCI ASSISTANT
Embossed, of course, Signor Greenleaf.

There's an excited rap on the window. Worried, Ripley looks up to find MEREDITH LOGUE outside, alone and delighted to see him. He grins and mouths hello.

74 **EXT. TRE SCALINI. PIAZZA NAVONA. DAY**

Ripley and Meredith are deep into conversation and coffee.

MEREDITH
I couldn't agree more, avoid Americans at all costs.

RIPLEY
I think so. I've never understood why people are so pleased to see someone from home. What's the point?

MEREDITH
But you're going skiing with Yankees, aren't you?

RIPLEY
What?

MEREDITH
At Christmas. To Cortina with Freddie Miles and -

RIPLEY
(interrupting, astonished)
How did you know that?

MEREDITH
Everybody knows Freddie Miles.

RIPLEY
(unsettled)
Is Freddie in Rome?

MEREDITH
Nobody's in Rome in December. But I've met him, of course, and we've chatted and I know about you and Marge and Mongi and what an unreliable rat you are. Freddie said you were a rat and I said now I know why he travels under R.

RIPLEY
I've left Marge, Meredith. And Mongi. So the rat's here now, in Rome.

MEREDITH
Sorry, I wouldn't have made a joke if -

RIPLEY
Don't be sorry. I've never been happier. I feel like I've been handed a new life.

Meredith considers this. Ripley looks out at the square.

RIPLEY
You can learn everything about the world by sitting at this table - why no American girls can walk like that, why no American boy can dress like that.

MEREDITH
I don't much care for Italian boys.

RIPLEY
I don't much care for Italian girls.

75 **EXT. PANTHEON. NIGHT.** 75

Ripley and Meredith emerge from the Pantheon into the Piazza Rotunda after a marathon sightseeing session.

MEREDITH
The truth is if you've had money your entire life, even if you despise it, which we do - agreed? - you're only truly comfortable around other people who have it and despise it.

RIPLEY
I know.

MEREDITH
I've never admitted that to anyone.

76 **INT. TAILOR'S, ROME. DAY.**

Where Ripley tries on cashmere jackets. Meredith adjudicates.

MEREDITH
Show me the other one again.
(Ripley is helped into it)
I like them both.

RIPLEY
I'll take them both.

The tailor goes to wrap them. Ripley goes inside the fitting room to get dressed. He looks at himself in the mirror, enjoying his necktie, his new elegance. While he's inside:

MEREDITH (O/V)
I know you're a jazz fiend but do you absolutely hate the Opera? I've been trying to give my tickets away but if you were prepared to be dragged...

RIPLEY
You could drag me.

77 **INT. OPERA HOUSE. ROME.**

Turandot. Act 2. LIU sings *In questa Reggia*.

Ripley's in tears, in a tuxedo, in a box which includes the glamorous Meredith and her AUNT AND UNCLE. This is the life Ripley had hoped for. The Aria finishes. He applauds vigorously, catches Meredith's eyes, nods, unable to disguise his emotions.

78 **INT. FOYER BAR, OPERA HOUSE. ROME.**

The Interval. Beautiful people fight for a drink. Ripley and Meredith approach Meredith's Aunt and Uncle.

RIPLEY
Thanks so much for inviting me tonight.

JOAN
Can you bear it? We hear you're a friend of Freddie's - he has *I hate Opera* tattooed on his chest.

RIPLEY
There's room for a whole libretto on Freddie's chest.

JOAN
I'm sure we've met.

Her husband arrives, with their drinks.

JOAN
I was sure we'd met, weren't you, Ted? This is Herbert Greenleaf's boy.

RIPLEY
Thanks, yes, I think we did.

JOAN
One minute you people are children and the next you're getting tattooed.

RIPLEY
Will you excuse me?

He heads for the Men's Room and walks straight into MARGE. She's perched at a side table where the Interval Drinks are set, talking to a young and very cultured-looking Englishman - PETER SMITH-KINGSLEY.

MARGE
(as if she's seen a ghost)
Oh my god. Tom.

RIPLEY
Marge, how are you? What are you doing in Rome?

MARGE
Is he here? Are you with Dickie?

RIPLEY
No.
(to Smith-Kingsley)
Hello, I'm Tom Ripley.

MARGE
(works out what's strange)
No glasses.

PETER
Peter Smith-Kingsley. I've heard about you, of course - from Marge, and Dickie.

RIPLEY
(fishing out his glasses)
Ditto.

PETER
Where are you hiding him? He's impossible, isn't he?

MARGE
Is he really not here?

RIPLEY
Marge, you know Dickie has *I hate Opera* tattooed on his chest.

MARGE
You were going to Venice.

PETER
Yes, what happened? I was looking forward to rowing you around.

RIPLEY
I've been travelling. I can't seem to get that far north.

PETER
Well hurry, before we sink.

The INTERVAL BELL'S ringing.

PETER
Will we see you later? Or are you with people?
(looking around)
Look there's Meredith, thing, the - who's that, Marge? they're in textiles... Meredith - God, how awful, I've spent Christmas in her house...!

MARGE
I don't know her.
(to Ripley)
He hasn't called, he's hardly written, just these cryptic notes. You don't just dump people.

RIPLEY
I've tried to find him, too. He's not in an hotel, I can tell you that. I've tried them all.

The last INTERVAL BELL.

RIPLEY
Marge, I'll catch you at the end. So great to see you.
(to Peter)
It's really good to meet you.

79 **INT. BOX, OPERA HOUSE. NIGHT.**

Ripley goes straight to Meredith and grabs her.

RIPLEY
Let's go.

MEREDITH
I thought you were enjoying yourself?

RIPLEY
Let's take a Carozza and look at the moon.

MEREDITH
You're crazy! It's freezing out there.

He's looking past her, watching Marge wading through the audience, Peter's elegant head getting dangerously near.

RIPLEY
I'll sing you *Nessun Dorma*. You'll miss nothing. I'll serenade you. C'mon.

MEREDITH
(quite taken)
Okay then, you're crazy.

80 **EXT. CAROZZA, ROME. NIGHT.**

Meredith shivers in the raw night. Ripley as Dickie is confessing his heart belongs to Marge.

RIPLEY
You're a pal to understand. It's a nightmare. I had to get away from Mongi, but then the past few days, which I've loved, I feel like an adulterer.

MEREDITH
Yes.

RIPLEY
It's as if Marge is here now - sitting on my shoulder - actually sort of weeping on my shoulder. The whole time. Wherever we've been.

MEREDITH
Yes. Right.

RIPLEY
Otherwise you'd be fighting me off.

MEREDITH
Beating you away.

RIPLEY
I'm going to get out of Rome. Now. I can just see myself dragging you into all of this and it's not fair.

MEREDITH
I think you should marry Marge.

RIPLEY
(kisses her hands)
You're a good person.

MEREDITH
You're a good person, Dickie. You're not a Rat. You've restored my faith in men.

RIPLEY
I want to be good. You know, the strange thing is - you never meet anybody who thinks they're a bad person - do you? - or that they're cruel? whatever you do, however terrible, however hurtful - it all makes sense inside your head.

MEREDITH
Has Europe changed you, do you think?

RIPLEY
Yes. Europe's changed me completely.

81 **EXT. MEREDITH'S APARTMENT, ROME.**

They've arrived outside Meredith's Apartment Building. And it starts to rain.

RIPLEY
This is you.

He jumps down, collects her.

MEREDITH
I'm not going to go skiing in Cortina. I don't think it would be fair, if you and Marge are going to be there...

RIPLEY
(forgetting himself)
No, I'm not invited.

MEREDITH
What are you talking about?

RIPLEY
I meant, unless I go as Marge's fiancee. No, you're right, it would be painful. You're right. Thanks. Thank you, Meredith.

82 **EXT. THE OPERA HOUSE, ROME. NIGHT.** 8.

Now it's pouring. The audience, slightly chaotic in the weather, leave the building under flotillas of umbrellas. One shelters Marge and Peter Smith-Kingsley. Ripley, without one, comes alongside them, has to shout in the melee.

RIPLEY
I do have some news. About Dickie. Can you meet me tomorrow morning at ten at Angelo's? It's the bar just by the Piazza di Spagna.

MARGE
Yes! Angelo's!

RIPLEY
(to Peter)
I'm getting drenched! I'll see you tomorrow!

Ripley runs back inside the Opera House, collects his hat, raincoat and umbrella from a steward.

83 **EXT. CAFE, PIAZZA DI SPAGNA. MORNING.** 8

Marge, Ripley, Peter sit at an outside table, the Spanish Steps glistening in the sun from the overnight downpours.

MARGE
You've been following him?

RIPLEY
Not exactly following him, no, I just loitered around the American Express -
(nodding to the office across the street)
- and eventually, of course, one morning he showed up.

MARGE
What did he say?

RIPLEY
Hardly anything. He wasn't unfriendly. He was preoccupied. Actually he seemed a little embarrassed.

Ripley is in his element, lying and believing his lie.

MARGE
But then you followed him?

RIPLEY
Yes, only so far, to a pretty dismal part of Trastevere, those huge apartment buildings. One thing - he was carrying his saxophone case.

MARGE
Lessons...

RIPLEY
I think so, because I came the same time the next week and he did the same thing - American Express, sax case, Trastevere.

MARGE
Which morning?

RIPLEY
Today! Thursday. That's why we're here.

84 **EXT. CAFE. LATER.** 8

Peter and Ripley, several coffees later, are in deep conversation. Marge just sits and watches the entrance to the American Express Office. There are a lot of people passing: groups of tourists, nuns, workers - and it's getting harder to separate individuals. Marge is impatient.

MARGE
I hate this.

PETER
Can I ask what's supposed to happen? If Dick turns up?

MARGE
This is the man I'm supposed to be marrying.

PETER
And you think if he sees you it will jog his memory?

Ripley suddenly LEAPS UP.

RIPLEY
There he is! And I think he's seen us.

He sprints across the Piazza, a police car and a group of students blocking his way and, of course, Marge and Peter's view. Peter gets up, fishing for some money to pay.

PETER
Are we going?

MARGE
(hurrying from the table)
I can't see him. No, I think I can!

What she can see is DICKIE'S HAT, plunging in and out of the thickest throng on the Spanish Steps. (Ripley has hidden it, and now wears it). Marge is marooned. Peter catches up.

PETER
Don't run after him.

MARGE
I'm not going to.

Eventually, Ripley returns, apparently defeated, hat hidden. *NO DICKIE*, his expression says, *I'VE LOST HIM*.

85 **INT. RIPLEY'S SUITE. INGHILTERRA. DAY**

Ripley, wearing Dickie's robe, is at his writing desk. He puts a fresh sheet of paper on his blotter and signs it quickly - *H R Greenleaf*. Then he turns over the sheet beside him to reveal Dickie's *Stars, hide your fires* handwriting specimen. He compares the two signatures.

He scowls and crumples up his attempt and drops it on the floor, where it sits with a dozen others around the trash can. Then he turns over the real signature and repeats the process, signing with a flourish.

86 **INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS OFFICE, ROME. DAY**

Ripley's signing the allowance receipt. The Clerk compares the signature with the one on the passport and then looks up at Ripley. Ripley is cool as cucumber.

RIPLEY
I don't want too many large bills. Nobody will change them.

CLERK
(shrugging)
It's almost Christmas, everyone's cashing their savings.

There's a disturbance at the next desk. A youngish AMERICAN BOY, dressed like a student, and with a backpack, is remonstrating with the Cashier.

NEIL
It doesn't make sense. I spoke to my mother, she spoke to you, now it's too late, the banks will have closed by the time I can wake her.

CLERK TWO
I'm sorry, sir.

NEIL
I've got no money!

Ripley is delighted with this disturbance which glosses over his transaction. He's shovelling large and smaller bills into Dickie's writing case, but also following the story next to him.

RIPLEY
Having problems?

NEIL
Big problems, yes.

87 **INT. RIPLEY'S SUITE, INGHILTERRA. DAY** 8

Neil is being moved in. A PORTER struggles with his rucksack.

NEIL
Are you sure about this?

RIPLEY
Positive. The couch, they can make a bed up.

He tips the porter who is relieved to set down Neil's luggage. Neil is thrilled with the hotel.

NEIL
It's incredible.

RIPLEY
I like it.

NEIL
I can't believe my good luck in stumbling into you!
(sees the sax case)
Is that your sax? Can I look?
(Ripley hands it to him)
This is great. I suppose you can't play in the hotel?

RIPLEY
(feeling exposed)
Not really.

NEIL
This is a beauty! Do you make your own reeds?

RIPLEY
Mostly.

NEIL
Me too. I *carry* my own reeds!

Ripley's mind is racing.

RIPLEY
Go ahead.

Neil produces his reeds and plays. It's very loud in the room. It's a beautiful sound, very lyrical, but incredibly loud. Now Neil rises to Ripley's encouragement and starts to blow hard, the notes booming around the room.

RIPLEY
Great. That's beautiful.

Neil blows. Ripley hears some action next door. Then the doorbell rings. Neil is oblivious. Ripley holds out his arms.

RIPLEY
Okay, my turn.

Neil hands over the instrument. Ripley attaches it around his neck. The doorbell rings again. Ripley frowns at Neil and opens the door to a slightly flustered Assistant Manager.

ASST. MANAGER
Signor Greenleaf...

RIPLEY
Hello.

ASST. MANAGER
Forgive me, but - the hotel has a rule - musical instruments - we can't, the guests, every telephone! So, I'm sorry.

RIPLEY
They don't like my saxophone?

ASST. MANAGER
(shrugs)
Every telephone - *dring, dring, dring.*

Ripley, with a show of reluctance, takes off his sax. A couple of guests have stuck their heads around their doors, craning to see who the culprit is. Ripley **bows**. And now everybody knows the debonair Mr Greenleaf is a saxophonist.

RIPLEY
So.

ASST. MANAGER
Thank you.

Ripley walks back into the room. Neil looks inquiringly.

RIPLEY
The telephones have objected.

88 **INT. RIPLEY'S SUITE. NOON.** 88

Neil wakes up to the sound of Room Service and the sun streaming in to the room. He's slept on a sofabed in the living room, where Ripley, dressed, is currently studying the day's newspapers, breakfast laid out in all its glory.

NEIL
I'm embarrassed. What time is it?

RIPLEY
Come and eat.

NEIL
God, it's the afternoon, isn't it? Why so many newspapers?

RIPLEY
I have a morbid interest in the Italian news.

Neil gets up, pulling the sheet about him, wanders towards the bathroom.

NEIL
Where are we going today?

RIPLEY
The Sistine Chapel.

Neil has disappeared into the bathroom, a glimpse of buttocks as the sheet unravels. Ripley's feeling great, loves the role of mentor.

RIPLEY
We'll take the saxophone.

Ripley goes to the desk, where he has amassed a stack of letters, a stack of Christmas presents. He types an envelope. *Signorina Marge Sherwood. Via Valvori. Mongibello.*

Neil returns, pulling on jeans, his torso bare.

NEIL
Even the soap feels expensive. You're going to have to throw me out.

The telephone rings. Ripley answers.

RIPLEY
Pronto?

FLETCHER (O/S)
Dickie?

Ripley goes cold.

RIPLEY
Who is this?

Neil mouths *Shall I go next door?* Ripley shakes his head.

FLETCHER (O/S)
Dickie, you bastard, what room are you in?

RIPLEY
Who is this?

INTERCUT WITH:

89 **INT. LOBBY, INGHILTERRA. DAY** 8

FLETCHER LONGCRANE and two other young men - MOOSE and PERCY - are crammed into the phone booth by the front desk. They are similarly dressed, part-preppy, part-nonchalance. Fletcher entertains his two friends as he speaks into the receiver.

FLETCHER
It's Fletcher, moron, and I'm here with Moose and Percy!
(who bellow in b/g)
We were just checking in when some slave walks by carrying half of Hermes in his arms for Signor Greenleaf.

90 **INT. RIPLEY'S SUITE. DAY.** 9

RIPLEY
(turning on a dime)
Fletcher, you swine. How long are you here for?

FLETCHER (O/S)
Why the weird voice? Have you got someone with you?
(to the others)
I bet he's got someone with him! He's an animal.

Ripley grabs the sax from its stand, hands it to Neil.

RIPLEY
Play.

NEIL
What?

RIPLEY
Blow. Play some notes!

FLETCHER (O/S)
Dickie, are you fornicating?

Neil blows some notes. This causes a furore on the end of the phone.

FLETCHER
You filthy cocksman!
(to the others)
He's blowing his horn.

RIPLEY
Message received?

FLETCHER
Message received and understood!

RIPLEY
What about dinner?

FLETCHER
Will you be able to walk by this evening?

RIPLEY
Not tonight, gonorrhoea, tomorrow night.

FLETCHER
You're so sick! Give it a rest for an hour tonight and come and greet your old pals.

RIPLEY
9.00pm in the lobby. And don't try anything beforehand.

FLETCHER
Can't make any promises. Ciao, ciao, Bambino.

Ripley puts down the phone.

NEIL
Friends?

RIPLEY
They're not friends. They're some thugs I know. I hardly know them.

NEIL
Why did you want me to play the sax? Is that a code?

RIPLEY
Have you finished your breakfast?

NEIL
Yes, I mean - if you want to get going?

RIPLEY
Did I give you the impression you were living here?

NEIL
(as if slapped)
What? No, of course not, you said about going to the Sistine, and - look, obviously, if your friends have turned up...

RIPLEY
Don't mooch.

NEIL
I'm sorry, I don't know what mooch means.

RIPLEY
Well, what you're doing is mooching, so now you know.

Absolutely deflated, Neil heads for the bathroom. RIPLEY IMMEDIATELY BEGINS TO PACK, picking up shoes, sorting things out. Then Neil suddenly returns, determined to get to the bottom of things.

NEIL
Did I do something wrong? Did I say something wrong? Mr. Greenleaf?

RIPLEY
(sighs)
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. You know what it is, Neil, those people...look, yesterday remember when I told you about my fiancee, well I told you a lie. My fiancee doesn't have leukaemia. It's me who's sick. Poor Marge is in Mongibello, just a few hours from here, and she's missing me, she's heartbroken, and instead I'm here, fooling around. I'm worse than those nosebleeds in the lobby. So, I need to go back. I need to check out right now. Will you help me?

NEIL
I'm relieved. Because I suddenly thought - *Oh God, I've done something wrong.*

RIPLEY
Can I tell you something, though, now I'm just saying everything...?

NEIL
Yes. Absolutely.

RIPLEY
I think part of me - don't be horrified - part of me is, now *I'm* embarrassed, you see I get - I had another friend like you, a wonderful guy - Tom, Tom Ripley his name was, *is* - and he was special, very special to me, and I found myself wanting to be with him, more than - sometimes more than with Marge.

NEIL
Right.

RIPLEY
Is that disgusting?

NEIL
(flustered)
No, but I think, no, but I think it's good, if you and Marge, if that's -
(conscious of his bare chest)
I'll get dressed. No - there's no reason why we can't be out of here in fifteen minutes.

91 **INT. APARTMENT, PALAZZO BORGHESE. DAY** 9

Ripley is being shown around an APARTMENT FOR RENT in the Palazzo Borghese by a dry-witted older woman, SIGNORA BUFFI. They speak in Italian. It's freezing, their breath puffs out. Ripley loves the ostentatious decor, the frescoes, the grand ceilings.

SIGNORA BUFFI
I'll turn the heating on.

RIPLEY
(mimes playing sax)
I like to play music.

SIGNORA BUFFI
(shrugs)
I'm deaf. The couple below are deaf.

They are out of the apartment and on the landing. Ripley looks down the long flights of stairs to where his luggage is piled in the entrance.

RIPLEY
Is there an elevator in the building?

SIGNORA BUFFI
Is there justice in this world?

And she sets off down the stairs.

92 **EXT. PALAZZO BORGHESE, ROME. AFTERNOON.** 9.

Ripley, on a SCOOTER, loaded with parcels, wobbles past the HUGE DOORS of the Palazzo into the cortile, where he parks.

93 **INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT. AFTERNOON.** 9

He comes into the apartment, fire burning. There's a small Christmas tree. He puts on a record - a madrigal. Then kneels on the floor with his festive, gift-wrapped packages.

RIPLEY
(reading the tag)
Dickie, happy Christmas, love Tom.

It's a small MARBLE PEDESTAL. Ripley feigns surprise.

RIPLEY
This is splendid. Thank you, Tom. I'm going to put this in a place of honor. Roman. Very appropriate. Now what's this?

He goes to the other package.

RIPLEY
For Tom, love Dickie.

It's a marble head of Marcus Aurelius. A gasp from Ripley.

RIPLEY
This is old! This is Marcus Aurelius. This is two thousand years old, Dickie. It's not the gift of a casual acquaintance, this is the gift of a loving companion. It's magnificent. Can I set Marcus on your column?
(he does so)
And about my account. I know you've been putting money in. You pretend to be a prick, but you're not, are you? You're generous. So generous to your Tom. Look at that - isn't that magnificent?

He picks up a glass, pours himself a drink.

RIPLEY
To absent friends.

Then he goes to the tree and opens a real parcel.

RIPLEY
To Dickie, with love from Ma and Pa.
Thank you, parents.

He opens a letter which accompanies the gift. It's quite long.

RIPLEY
Two pages, bad sign.

He discards the letter, unwraps a cashmere stole.

RIPLEY
Gorgeous.

He throws the paper into the fire. Opens a second parcel. Pulls out a book - looks like a first edition.

RIPLEY
Marge, don't you know Dickie never reads? We'll give it to Tom, he appreciates poetry - he can read it aloud to Dickie, explain the difficult words.

94 **EXT. MONGIBELLO HARBOR. DAY** 9

Dickie's boat, The Bird,is being dragged on chains into the dry dock, one or two other sailboats alongside, each with their hulls being repaired, overhauled, etc. The operation to beach the boat involves several workers, some standing on deck. Fausto is acting as broker between Ripley and a Signor GIUSTI who might buy Dickie's boat. As the keel emerges Giusti scrutinises it for any rot or leak. It's very cold. Ripley and Fausto stand back, watching.

FAUSTO
I said in my cable to Dickie, it's not the best time - the Spring is best - it's like the sports car, never sell in the winter. Too cold.

GIUSTI shouts in Italian.

GIUSTI
How's the engine?

FAUSTO
(in Italian)
It's new. Very powerful.

RIPLEY
I said the same thing, Fausto, but he wants the money now.

FAUSTO
It's strange - one day he's here and the next - eh! - and I never thought he'd sell his boat. He loves this boat.

RIPLEY
Maybe he's going back to America.

FAUSTO
I think you know, but you say nothing.

TWO ATTRACTIVE GIRLS pass by, Fausto follows their swaying hips. Ripley catches his eye as he turns back, pointedly.

RIPLEY
Maybe there are new distractions in his life. I don't know.

FAUSTO
Ho capito. Poor Marge. We'll have lunch together, yes?

RIPLEY
No, Marge is in Cortina, she's skiing.

FAUSTO
No, Marge is back. No snow, not enough snow, she came back three days ago.

There's a terrible YELL, and a splash. A BOATWORKER HAS FALLEN OFF THE DECK INTO THE WATER, cracking his head in the process. He's hauled out of the water. Although there's a lot of blood no-one seems too concerned, least of all the man himself, who's laughing, his face bloody as he mimes what happened to him. Ripley looks suddenly faint - as if he's seen a ghost.

The bloody face and hands have been too much for him - Dickie's ruined face conjured horribly. He's retching, runs to the water, his stomach heaving. Fausto comes over.

FAUSTO
Tom, Tom, are you all right? Don't worry about Bruno, he's fine.

RIPLEY
(wipes at his mouth with a handkerchief)
Blood, I can't - I'm sorry, I see blood it turns my stomach.

FAUSTO
Dickie's!

RIPLEY
(thrown)
What?

FAUSTO
Dickie's handkerchief.

Ripley looks at the handkerchief, the initials **HRG** sewn into a corner.

95 **INT. HARBOUR RESTAURANT. MONGIBELLO.** 95

Inside the little restaurant on the harbor. Ripley is already sitting when Fausto enters with Marge. Very solemn. Ripley stands and kisses her, she's impassive.

RIPLEY
Marge, big surprise.

MARGE
Who for? Hello, Tom.

RIPLEY
Well, both of us. I had no idea you were back.

MARGE
I had no idea you were still in Italy.

RIPLEY
I told you and Peter in Rome - I've got this little job writing for the Blue Guides.
(to Fausto)
I'm going to be in Paris, eventually. I hope.
(to Marge)
So, no snow.

MARGE
There was some snow. There was no Dickie. As you know.

RIPLEY
Right.

MARGE
I'm not even going to ask.
(to Fausto, who's ordering)
I'm not eating. Fausto was telling me he's selling the boat.

RIPLEY
Marge...

MARGE
(sipping water, then helpless)
So what's he doing? Actually, you know what? New Year's Resolution - I'm going to finish my book then I'm going home. Please tell Dickie that when you see him.
(she gets up)
I'll tell you something funny...when I walked in...you look so much like him. You didn't but now you do. That's what happens, isn't it? when people spend a lot of time together...

96 **INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT. ROME. MORNING.** 9

Ripley walks in the door. He pulls off his Ripley clothes, shedding that life for the new one, of money and breeding.

He has a PIANO now, and, wearing a blazer and tie, Dickie's rings on his fingers, we soon find him playing Bach's French Suites. HIS DOOR BELL RINGS.

He stops playing. He doesn't get visitors. He begins to play again. THE BELL RINGS AGAIN. He's irritated, assumes it's Signora Buffi. He gets up and opens the door to look down over the bannisters to the entrance hall below. He doesn't see anybody.

RIPLEY
Hello? Signora Buffi!

No response. He goes back to the piano. There's A KNOCK at the door. He rises, a little nervous.

RIPLEY
Hello?

FREDDIE (O/S)
Dickie?

RIPLEY
Who is it?

FREDDIE (O/S)
It's Freddie. Let me in.

RIPLEY ALMOST COLLAPSES. He's faint.

FREDDIE (O/S)
Dickie, come on, it's me.

Ripley can't think what to hide, where to hide. He opens the door.

RIPLEY
Hello, Freddie, it's Tom, Tom Ripley.

FREDDIE
(confused, not pleasantly)
Oh hello, where's Dickie? How are you?

RIPLEY
Yes, I'm good, thank you. Dickie's at lunch. He's at Otello's. Do you know it?

FREDDIE
He's incredible. The guy has disappeared off the face of the earth.

RIPLEY
I guess.

FREDDIE
The landlady - as far as I could tell, the landlady said he was here right now.

RIPLEY
He's gone to lunch! Search the place. I can't think why you would imagine Dickie would hide from you.

FREDDIE
Because he's **been** hiding from me - what happened at Christmas?

RIPLEY
What about Christmas?

FREDDIE
He was supposed to come skiing. I didn't get a cable or a call or a note or, frankly, a fart. He knew where I was.

Ripley has his hands behind his back. HE'S TUGGING FRANTICALLY AT DICKIE'S RINGS ON HIS FINGERS.

RIPLEY
Of course, he's been very involved in his music, hasn't he? I think his theory is, you know, you have to go into a cocoon before you can become a butterfly.

FREDDIE
Which is horseshit. Have you heard him play that thing?
(gesturing at the sax on its stand)
He can't.

Ripley wanders into the kitchen, turns on the tap to sluice his fingers.

RIPLEY (O/S)
(casually)
How did you find him? Can I fix you a drink?

FREDDIE
No thanks.
(explaining his detective work)
An indiscreet boy at the American Express Office.
(he starts to explore)
Are you living here?

RIPLEY
No. No, I'm staying here for a few days, in Rome.

FREDDIE
Did this place come furnished? It doesn't look like Dickie. Horrible isn't it? - so bourgeois.

He's poking at the MARCUS AURELIUS bust. Ripley, returning, flinches.

RIPLEY
You should mind that!

FREDDIE
In fact the only thing which look likes Dickie is you.

RIPLEY
Hardly.

FREDDIE
Have you done something to your hair?

RIPLEY
No!

FREDDIE
It even smells like a beauty parlor.

Ripley starts to smile, his eyes darting around the room.

RIPLEY
Freddie, have you got something to say?

FREDDIE
What? I think I'm saying it. I've been in town for a week. Dickie's not been at any of our haunts. He hasn't been in touch with Marge for God knows how long. So something's going on. He's either converted to Christianity - or to something else.

RIPLEY
I suggest you ask Dickie that yourself. I'm just going out, so if you want to wait here you can, otherwise Otello's is on del Croce, just off the Corso.

FREDDIE
You're a quick study, aren't you? Last time you didn't know your ass from your elbow, now you're giving me directions. That's not fair, you probably do know your ass from your elbow. I'll see you.

AND HE'S GONE. Ripley shuts the door, smooths the silk runner on the table where Freddie's hand had rucked it. He goes back to the door, opens it and looks over the rail. FREDDIE IS BACK IN CONVERSATION WITH SIGNORA BUFFI. Ripley can't make out the text but there's some discussion about *Signor Greenleaf* and *Signor Ripley*. Ripley hurries inside as Freddie's heavy shoes start to clump up the stairs again.

Freddie knocks on the door which pushes open. As he marches in, he launches into his interrogation.

FREDDIE
Ripley? There's someth-

- AND WALKS STRAIGHT INTO THE HEAD OF MARCUS AURELIUS WHICH RIPLEY SWINGS AT HIM HOLDING ON AWKWARDLY WITH BOTH HANDS TO THE HEAVY MARBLE SCULPTURE.

Freddie falls like an ox, first to his knees, groaning, then to the floor as Ripley brings the head down again. beating him downwards. As Freddie slumps away, Ripley loses his balance and the head sends Freddie a glancing blow before slipping from Ripley's grasp and smashing on to the floor. THE NOSE IS CHIPPED OFF. Ripley gets up, oblivious to the condition of Freddie and starts scrabbling around for the missing chip of marble. He locates it, then examines the damaged head, ignoring the clots of blood. He sits on the floor, panting, looking at the head, experimenting with attaching and then removing the broken piece. He's really upset.

RIPLEY
(to Freddie)
Fucking swine.

He crawls over to Freddie, and turns him over. FREDDIE'S DEAD, his eyes staring into nothing. Ripley starts going through his pockets, turns up a wallet, a pen, keys, a packet of Chesterfields. Ripley goes to the door and after checking the hall is clear, closes and locks it.

He lights one of Freddie's cigarettes, leaves it in the ashtray and lights a second then leaves that beside the first, lights a third and walks away, flicking through Freddie's wallet. He finds car keys and goes to the window and looks down into the street. PARKED OPPOSITE HIM IS FREDDIE'S CAR.

He leaves the cigarette in the ashtray and lights one of his own and walks over to the drinks trolley and mixes martinis, pouring four of them, while looking over at Freddie's bulky corpse. Then he goes into the bathroom, emerges with a towel and puts it under Freddie's head, where a violent puddle of blood is forming on the marble floor. He pulls up a corner of his carpet to prevent it from being stained. Then he sips his own martini and takes glasses and a bottle of gin over to Freddie and pours as much as he can carefully down his

throat, before pressing the glasses into Freddie's hand, uncurling the fingers and collecting Freddie's prints.

The blood seeps into the towel as Ripley's feet disappear and then reappear. Now Callas is playing on the gramophone. Ripley kneels and puts the towel over Freddie's head, covering the glassy eyes. He sits with his martini and begins to work at the stains on Marcus Aurelius. The cigarettes burn down in the ashtrays. Ripley sings along with Callas.

97 **EXT. PALAZZO BORGHESE. EVENING.** 9

IT'S DARK NOW and Ripley comes through the massive doors and hurries across the road, gets into Freddie's car and drives it back into the courtyard. He shuts the doors.

98 **INT. LANDING O/S RIPLEY'S APARTMENT. EVENING.** 9

Ripley's door opens and he appears with Freddie propped against his shoulders, a massive unwieldy weight. He staggers over to the bannisters and looks down and then begins the descent of the stairs. FREDDIE COLLAPSES ON HIM after three of four steps and he can hardly budge him. Then the corpse suddenly slips, SLIDING DOWN the rest of the flight, head bouncing horribly on each step. Ripley is aghast and waits in the dark for one of the doors to open. Nothing happens.

99 **EXT. PALAZZO BORGHESE. NIGHT.** 9

It's deserted. Ripley hauls Freddie out of the shadows towards the car. He sits Freddie against the bonnet and struggles with the door. He gets it open and is heaving him inside when the big doors swing open and a YOUNG COUPLE stroll in. Ripley gets in the car, and sits as the couple wander by. Freddie slumps against the steering wheel. The horn makes an ungodly racket. Ripley can hardly raise his arms to move him. He's exhausted. He puts on a pair of gloves. His hands are lifeless.

100 **EXT. VIA APPIA ANTICA. NIGHT.** :

The Fiat noses along THE APPIAN WAY. Black fragments of tombs punctuate either side of the poorly lit road. Inside the car, Ripley looks to left and right for a place to dump the body. He slows near a clump of trees.

101 **EXT. VIA APPIA. NIGHT.** :

RIPLEY'S DRAGGING FREDDIE'S BODY FEET FIRST DOWN THE SLOPE AWAY FROM THE ROAD AND IN BETWEEN THE OMINOUS SILHOUETTES OF THE TOMBS. There's a low ruined wall and he pulls the body over and behind it. Now he takes a large stone and pounds it into Freddie's face before turning the body over and repeating the blows to the back of the head before dropping the boulder. Then he kicks some leaves over the corpse and turns back to the road JUST AS THE LIGHTS OF A SECOND CAR STROBE THE TREES.

Ripley clambers up the slope to where he imagines a police car will be waiting. Instead it's an old FIAT 500 and inside it A COUPLE have stopped for some al fresco lovemaking.

Ripley stares in disbelief as they start to roll around in the tiny cabin, the car listing comically, clothes coming off, flesh gleaming. He sits on the slab of a tomb and sighs. Then he stretches out on the cold stone and closes his eyes.

LATER and Ripley starts from his reverie as the CINQUECENTO STARTS UP and the couple drive away. He's disoriented for a second then heads up the bank towards Freddie's car.

102 **EXT. HIGHWAY. DAWN.**

Ripley's driving. The dawn is coming up. He's south of Naples in the familiar territory of Mongi, passing the place of the scooter mishap. He's driving very fast.

103 **EXT. MONGIBELLO. MORNING.**

A little later. Ripley parks the car on the edge of the town, just by the cemetery. Jogs towards the town.

104 **INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE, MONGI. MORNING.**

Ripley lets himself in, then hurries up the stairs to his old room. He finds the bed without sheets and starts hunting around for some. He also turns on the bath and runs down to Dickie's room.

Stripped to his waist, he puts sheets on the bed, then a pillow slip, lies on the bed, rolls around, gets out, ruffling as much as he can. He's slept here, is the idea. He hears someone downstairs, grabs a towel and walks out.

RIPLEY (O/S)
Ermelinda?

105 **EXT. MONGIBELLO, THE BEACH. MORNING.**

Marge is walking along the beach alone. She looks forlorn, a bleached figure on this winter morning. Ripley appears in one of Dickie's overcoats, freshly shaved. As he approaches, Marge stops, looks at the water, not welcoming him.

MARGE
I thought you'd gone.

RIPLEY
I couldn't go back, I was supposed to take off last night but - look, I'm going to tell you something, which is a secret, but I think it's more cruel if you don't know.
(Marge looks at him)
Dickie left Mongi because of Silvana.

MARGE
Silvana who? Silvana who drowned?

RIPLEY
She was pregnant, Marge.

MARGE
Oh my God.

RIPLEY
He wanted to tell you, but he was mortified - it was nothing, of course, between them - but he was so ashamed, and then her death was devastating...

Marge takes this in.

RIPLEY
Remember that day, the ambulance, how strange he was...

MARGE
(everything making sense)
Oh my God...

RIPLEY
I finally tracked him down last week and he blurted it out over dinner. I think he's in a kind of purgatory - if you feel you've been responsible for someone's death.

MARGE
I must talk to him, Tom. He didn't kill her, did he? She drowned herself.

RIPLEY
Absolutely. Marge, I promise I'll do everything I can to persuade him to get in touch. I promise. One of the things I'm really annoyed about, with Dickie - we were friends, you and I, and because of this, I don't feel we have been and that hurts.

MARGE
I'm sorry. I know. You're right.
(she embraces him)
Oh god, poor Dickie, poor Dickie.

106 **EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY.**

Back in Freddie's car and now Ripley is on the outskirts of Rome. He drives onto a sliproad, appears to be doubling back south, but stops in a lay-by. He gets out and opens the hood.

He takes a can of gasoline and soaks the interior. He unscrews the LICENSE PLATES, puts them in his bags. Starts walking towards the highway, signposted ROMA, sticks out a thumb.

A CAR slows, a Mercedes. Ripley wants to go to Rome. The driver lets him in.

107 **INT. MERCEDES. DAY.** 1

Ripley settles into the passenger seat. The Driver, middle-aged, self-important, glances at him. In the rear-view mirror Ripley sees a man on a bicycle, cigarette in mouth, stop to examine Freddie's Fiat.

MERCEDES DRIVER
Americano?

RIPLEY
No. Deutsch.

MERCEDES DRIVER
(in fluent German)
No, really? I'm German myself! What a coincidence. Where are you from?

RIPLEY
(instant)
Actually, I'm Turkish. Turkey.

MERCEDES DRIVER
(suspicious)
What?

RIPLEY
I always say I'm German because the Italians don't like the Turks.

MERCEDES DRIVER
Of course we Germans are not supposed to like Turks. You speak good English.

RIPLEY
Yes, I worked in London. In a restaurant.

MERCEDES DRIVER
Whereabouts? I know London very well.

RIPLEY
The centre. Uptown. So many coincidences. If I said France, would you know Paris?

MERCEDES DRIVER
I know Paris. But I don't know Turkey. I speak three words in Turkish.

He says them. In the rear-view mirror, Ripley sees Freddie's Fiat, a mile away, BURST INTO FLAMES.

RIPLEY
That's very good. It's "^&$$%"
(correcting his last word)
You're a man of the world. That's what I'd like to be. Tell me about yourself. No, let me guess. You have your own company...

MERCEDES DRIVER
(puffing up)
Sort of.

RIPLEY
I knew it. Don't tell me. I want to guess.

108 **INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT, ROME.EVENING.**

Ripley hurries in the door. He's breathing hard from the stairs. He takes off his jacket, his shirt, throws his bag under the bed. Someone is KNOCKING urgently at the door. Ripley opens it, finds himself face to face with Signora Buffi and TWO POLICEMAN. One of them offers his hand.

ROVERINI
Dickie Greenleaf?

RIPLEY
Yes?

ROVERINI
Inspector Roverini. Can we come in?

109 **INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT.EVENING.**

Ripley sits with his head in his hands at the table. Roverini and his sergeant, BAGGIO, watch patiently. Ripley suddenly looks up and gestures sadly at the detritus of martinis and cigarettes.

RIPLEY
I haven't even cleaned up properly after seeing him yesterday. His cigarettes, his drinks. The maid doesn't appear until the morning. Poor Freddie, Jesus.

He gets up abruptly, starts to collect the ashtrays.

ROVERINI
Leave everything, would you? Please. Baggio here will tidy up for you.

RIPLEY
Sure. Why? I don't understand.

ROVERINI
Should be good fingerprints on those glasses and elsewhere. We'd better make sure we're giving our dead man the right name. Incidentally, could we ask you to identify the body?

RIPLEY
I'm sure Signor Miles had closer friends in Rome, but yes, if necessary, of course.

As Baggio collects all of the tumblers.

RIPLEY
Actually, those are my drinks - Freddie was on martinis.

ROVERINI
We'll return everything. Don't worry. What time did Signor Miles leave yesterday?

RIPLEY
I can't be absolutely sure - we'd both taken on far too many drinks - but it was dark, getting dark, when I walked him down to his car.

ROVERINI
Then he was drunk, Signor Miles?

RIPLEY
He wasn't drunk. He wasn't sober, but he wasn't drunk. He could drive.

ROVERINI
So Signor Miles drove away and you did what?

RIPLEY
I went to bed. Freddie's a big man. He can conceal a whole bottle of gin, but I'm in trouble after a couple of drinks. I've suffered all day. Who found him?

Roverini has walked over to the saxophone.

RIPLEY
You play?

ROVERINI
No. I like to listen. So, the Doctor, he has to make the -
(looks at Baggio)
- come si dice?

RIPLEY
Postmortem?

ROVERINI
Yes, exactly, but his first, his first conclusion was that Signor Miles was killed not later than seven o'clock yesterday evening.

RIPLEY
Well, he certainly wasn't dead when he drove off in his car.

ROVERINI
No.

RIPLEY
No.

110 **INT. STAIRS IN PALAZZO BORGHESE. EVENING.**

Now the TWO POLICEMAN are looking with flashlights as they walk down the stairs. Ripley is with them.

ROVERINI
You had no quarrel with Signor Miles?

RIPLEY
Freddie? No, we were great friends.

ROVERINI
(a little smile)
But not close friends.

RIPLEY
I'm just squeamish about dead bodies. I've never seen one.

ROVERINI
Naturally, I must ask you to stay in Rome, Signor Greenleaf. You were the last person to see Signor Miles alive. So you are also the only suspect.

They reach the huge external doors. Ripley lets them out, the great door banging closed.

111 **INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT, PALAZZO BORGHESE. NIGHT.**

Darkness. A terrible GROAN. A light comes on. It's Ripley in bed, suddenly awake. The covers are on the floor, the four pillows scattered. His dreams are awful. He leans over and salvages some of his bedclothes.

112 **EXT. VIA DELLA PACE, ROME. MORNING.** 1

Ripley comes through the narrow funnel of della Pace on his scooter. He drives past a furniture store, DRESSING TABLES AND MIRRORS spilling out onto the street. He glances sideways, sees his reflection. DICKIE IS SITTING BEHIND HIM, riding passenger, his arms clutching him, his mouth full of water, his nose terribly broken. Ripley screams and swerves, crashing into the pavement, the scooter falling onto him and pulling him along the cobbled passage.

113 **INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS, ROME. MORNING.** 1

A repaired, band-aided but still a little dishevelled Ripley is signing THE RECEIPT FOR HIS ALLOWANCE. He pushes the counterfoil through the grille.

OFFICIAL
Signor Greenleaf?

Ripley looks up to see A SECOND OFFICIAL clearly more senior than the Bank Clerk. He holds Ripley's receipt in his hand.

RIPLEY
Yes?

114 **INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE. AMERICAN EXPRESS, ROME.MORNING.** 1

A THIRD MAN, more senior still, sits at the desk. The official enters with Ripley, and hands him the counterfoil.

SENIOR OFFICIAL
(studying the counterfoil)
Signor Greenleaf, do you have your passport, please?

Ripley makes a show of extracting it from Dickie's zippered writing case, **HRG** prominently embossed on it. The Official opens the passport, looks at the photograph then at Ripley.

SENIOR OFFICIAL
Time for a new photograph.

Then he compares the two signatures - on Ripley's receipt and Dickie's passport.

SENIOR OFFICIAL
An expert in these matters, in New York, has determined that the signatures for receipt of your allowance in January and February are forgeries.

RIPLEY
Excuse me?

SENIOR OFFICIAL
An official at your father's bank was concerned and passed the receipts to this expert. He does not believe they were signed by you.

RIPLEY
Well they were.

SENIOR OFFICIAL
Yes. Forgive me, but did you get into some kind of a fight?

RIPLEY
No. I had an accident. On my scooter. Some madman. Not serious.

SENIOR OFFICIAL
Our roads, our drivers - we are Catholics because we *have* to believe there's more than one life! Va bene, you tell me that you indeed signed your allowance receipt.

RIPLEY
I did indeed sign it. I think there'll be people here who will have seen me.

SENIOR OFFICIAL
So much for the expert. But your signature - has it perhaps changed?

RIPLEY
Well, I've changed, of course. The handwriting in my passport, it's five years ago - like my photograph, but then, too, I've been in Italy for a year, more, nearly two. Italy changes you.

SENIOR OFFICIAL
For the better, I hope?

RIPLEY
I'm a different person. I hope I'm a better person.

SENIOR OFFICIAL
(indifferent)
Excellent. Now I have to ask you to make a trip to Naples. I'm sorry. They have the counterfoils in question and you must verify them and also they will ask you to make new specimen signatures.

RIPLEY
Naples? Can't I do that here?

SENIOR OFFICIAL
Your account is in Naples. You can imagine they enjoy being more important than their branch in Rome.

RIPLEY
(exasperated)
I'm not able to leave Rome for another week or two. I hope you'll allow me to cash some travellers checks.

SENIOR OFFICIAL
Of course. I want you to have money. I want you to take a taxi and keep away from motor scooters.

He's risen and shepherded Ripley to the door.

RIPLEY
I think you still have my passport.

It's returned to him. An angelic smile from Ripley.

115 **EXT.AMERICAN EXPRESS. DAY** 1

Ripley emerges from the American Express Office. Across the street at the cafe, as once before, sits Marge. Ripley sees her immediately, freezes. He has the scooter. He slips Dickie's bag into his knapsack, and waves at Marge, pushing the scooter towards her. Marge is in no mood for pleasantries.

MARGE
Did he kill Freddie?

RIPLEY
Marge, when did you get here?

MARGE
Tell me the truth.

RIPLEY
No, I'd swear he didn't. I can't believe he did.

MARGE
I tried again, waiting here, watching for him. Instead it's you. Whenever I look for Dickie I find you.

RIPLEY
I know where he is. I know where he's living.

MARGE
(suspicious)
But?

RIPLEY
(he gets onto the scooter)
Get on. I'll take you to him.

MARGE
(standing, focusing on Ripley's cuts and bruises)
What happened to your face?

RIPLEY
Nothing.

MARGE
Nothing?
(suddenly panics)
You didn't, it wasn't you, Freddie wasn't you...?

RIPLEY
Marge, I was with you! When Freddie died I wasn't in Rome. Dickie did it.

MARGE
Dickie?

RIPLEY
My face! There was an argument. I said some things I shouldn't have. About you. About the appalling way he's treating you, all of us. And the next minute he's launched himself at me. Now we both look as if we'd done ten rounds. He's full of remorse, of course.

MARGE
Have you told the police?

RIPLEY
I'm not speaking to the Police. They'll put two and two together and get five: Silvana - Freddie finds out, confronts Dickie...

MARGE
That's ridiculous.

RIPLEY
(as Marge gets on the bike)
Just please don't say anything to the Police. They don't know I'm here and I'm not going to incriminate him. And nor will you - if you love him.

116 **EXT. ROME STREET, NEAR PALAZZO BORGHESE. DAY**

The scooter buzzes round the corner and almost STRAIGHT INTO ROVERINI'S POLICE CAR as it stops outside the Palazzo

Borghese. Ripley, startled, drives straight past the entrance. He pulls up several hundred yards later, next to the river.

MARGE
Where does Dickie live?

RIPLEY
We passed it a few blocks back, where the police were. The Palazzo Borghese. I didn't want them to see me.

MARGE
Perhaps I shouldn't go either.

RIPLEY
(thinking hard, distracted)
No, you go. I'll catch up to you later.
(sincerely)
Good luck, Marge.

And he drives off. At the first crossroad HE DOUBLES BACK and roars towards the Palazzo.

117 **EXT. INNER COURTYARD, PALAZZO BORGHESE. AFTERNOON.**

Ripley hurries into the courtyard with his scooter. There's Roverini. Other officers are conducting more thorough forensic investigations in the stairwell. As Ripley pushes his scooter into its parking place, A PHOTOGRAPHER appears from the shadows and gets a shot off. An officer shouts him away as Ripley puts up a protective hand and runs to Roverini.

RIPLEY
Can we go up? Do you mind?

ROVERINI
Of course. What happened to your face?

RIPLEY
My scooter. I fell off.
(he indicates the dented machine)
Getting away from those guys.

118 **INT. ENTRANCE AND STAIRS, PALAZZO BORGHESE. CONTINUOUS.**

They hurry inside heading towards the stairs.

RIPLEY
My telephone, photographers, the press, I've been, I'm feeling hounded - do you think you could not give out my address?

ROVERINI
Never. We've had many enquiries and, of course, we say no - even to your fiancee.

RIPLEY
I really don't want to see anybody.

ROVERINI
Even your fiancee...?

RIPLEY
Even her.

ROVERINI
And Signor Ripley?

RIPLEY
Who?

Ripley's way ahead and has reached the door of his apartment. He waits nervously for Roverini, anxious that Marge will show up any second. He unlocks the door and can barely wait for Roverini to catch up.

119 **INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT. AFTERNOON.** 1.

Roverini follows Ripley inside.

ROVERINI
You and Signor Ripley went to San Remo, is that right?

Ripley is appalled. He smiles.

RIPLEY
Tom Ripley? I've spoken to Tom, sure. Yes, we did go to San Remo. That was months ago.

ROVERINI
November, I thought.

RIPLEY
Was it? Did you speak to Tom?

ROVERINI
November 7th is my information.

RIPLEY
I don't remember the exact date.

ROVERINI
And when did you last see Signor Ripley?

RIPLEY
A few days ago. He went to Mongi to do some business for me at the weekend. I saw him before he left.

ROVERINI
Does he stay with you here?

RIPLEY
No.

ROVERINI
No. Here is a pattern. Two days ago Freddie Miles is dead - he leaves your apartment and is murdered. Yesterday a little boat is found in San Remo with bloodstains, and the owner tells the Police it was stolen on November 7th. We look at hotel records and we see *oh! Dickie Greenleaf is staying in San Remo* and then our boatman remembers two Americans taking a boat.

RIPLEY
It's not a pattern, it's a coincidence. There must be fifty hotels in San Remo, there must have been a hundred people renting a boat on that day.

ROVERINI
31 people.

RIPLEY
31. What are we supposed to have done in the boat?

Baggio appears. Speaks to Roverini. Ripley is getting cranky.

ROVERINI
That is Miss Sherwood now.

RIPLEY
Let her in, what's the difference? No, actually, I'd like it very much if you would ask her to come back later.

Roverini nods, mutters to Baggio, who heads out.

RIPLEY
Thank you.

ROVERINI
Do you have a photograph of Signor Ripley?

RIPLEY
I'm not in the habit of carrying around photographs of my male friends.

ROVERINI
May I ask...why would you speak to your friend and not your fiancee?

RIPLEY
I think I just said. Ripley was handling some business for me in Mongi. The sale of a boat. And nor does Mr. Ripley want to marry me. Nor did he ask me every day if I would marry him. And when.

ROVERINI
Now I think I have upset you. My English perhaps is coarse.

RIPLEY
It is a little coarse, yes.

ROVERINI
No-one has seen Signor Ripley since San -

RIPLEY
I have!

ROVERINI
You have, yes.

RIPLEY
No, I have and so has Miss Sherwood, ask her! and if I could remember which hotel he was staying in so would - *and* my housekeeper in Mongi - *the Locarno!* - Tom was staying at the Locarno.

ROVERINI
Good. The Locarno. Yes - you're right. A coincidence. No, allora, now I think I perhaps have the wrong words for everything. So what do I call this thing where there are many pieces and you must fit them together to find the picture?

RIPLEY
(irascible)
Jigsaw puzzle

ROVERINI
(making to leave)
Ah. Bene. So, my puzzle - one part has 31 pieces. You and Signor Ripley are two of them,

They shake hands.

ROVERINI
I look forward to our next meeting when I will be more careful with my English and persuade you to play me your saxophone.

RIPLEY
That's a deal, inspector.

ROVERINI
And you also play the harpsichord.

RIPLEY
No, I don't.

ROVERINI
You don't play but you bought one. Strange. The landlady told me of the problem to get it up the stairs.
(explaining to himself)
Because it's beautiful. It's furniture, of course. And Mr. Ripley likes to play, doesn't he?

RIPLEY
Okay, yes, I also like to play. It's not cool, it's not jazz, but I like to play.

ROVERINI
Yes, because your landlady - she misses nothing - tells me you play for hours.

RIPLEY
Meeting Ripley I was inspired to practice again.

He lifts up the lid, plays a few bars of Bach.

RIPLEY (cont'd)
Not exactly My Funny Valentine.

ROVERINI
I have a witness who thinks they saw two men getting into Mr. Miles' car. That couldn't have been you?

RIPLEY
(thrown, scrabbling)
Well, I don't drive. I can't drive a car. I even seem to be having trouble managing a Vespa, so no, it wasn't me.

ROVERINI
Did I say you were driving? I don't think I did. No, but this woman is sure she recognized you. She wants to identify you in a parade.
(smiles)
Tomorrow, then.

Ripley lets them out, heaves a heavy sigh, then opens the door again, looks down to see Roverini speaking to Marge on the stairs. Marge looks up, Ripley shuts the door, the noose tightening. He leans against the door, then suddenly a voice shocks him upright.

MARGE
Dick? Dickie? I know you can hear me. What am I doing, chasing after you...? I feel like the worst kind of jilted - I don't know - I don't know what I feel. I was going to say I would count to three and if you didn't open the door, but I won't count any more. On you. I won't count on you any more. Whatever it is, whatever you've done or haven't done, you've broken my heart, that's one thing I know you're guilty of, and I don't know why, I don't know why, I just don't know why...

Ripley listens, there's a silence, then Marge's footsteps as they ring out on the stone stairs. The tapping sound resolves into the tap-tap of a manual typewriter.

120 **INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT, PALAZZO BORGHESE, NIGHT.**

Ripley's at the typewriter, he begins to type.

RIPLEY (O.S.)
My dear Tom, I'm getting out of this...

121 **INT. RIPLEY'S APARTMENT, PALAZZO BORGHESE. NIGHT.** 1

CHAOS. Ripley, in vest and shorts, is working quickly, selecting clothes, dividing them into TWO PILES. He has placed one shirt on the smaller pile then checks again, and - on seeing Dickie's initials, places it with the bigger pile, then picks it up again and holds it briefly to his cheek. Dickie's leather writing case goes on the big pile, too, as do cuff links, ties, the Mont Blanc, his passport, which he opens to **scratch at the photograph**, obliterating the face - and, finally, the SAXOPHONE.

RIPLEY (O.S.)
Freddie's death, the other things, the folly of thinking I could hide from myself...you're the only person who knows the truth.

He's finished the letter, pulls it from the typewriter, signs it, adds a whole batch of signed traveller's checks, puts it in an envelope marked **Tom Ripley** and places the letter on the mantelpiece.

122 **INT. RIPLEY'S BATHROOM, PALAZZO BORGHESE. NIGHT**

Ripley knots his tie. Now he's wearing the old Ripley gear - the corduroy jacket, the knitted tie. Behind him the suitcases, some for Ripley, the rest the other life. He puts on his glasses. He looks at his reflection, then notices his hands, where Dickie's RINGS still adorn his fingers.

He pulls at the rings, opens up a LITTLE BOX of buttons and needles and cufflinks and sadly tosses them in.

RIPLEY (O.S)
You've always understood what's at the heart of me. In all kinds of ways I think you are the son my parents wanted. You'd make better use of what I've had and wasted...

123 **INT. CELLAR, PALAZZO BORGHESE, NIGHT.**

Ripley carries Dickie's luggage down into THE COMMUNAL CELLAR of the Borghese, a wretched place full of shadows and gloom and the overflow from thirty apartments. The lights constantly flicker. He finds some dustsheets and shoves the cases under them, including the license plates of Freddie's car. Then Dickie's saxophone.

RIPLEY (O.S)
I've made a mess of being Dickie Greenleaf, haven't I?

Ripley's acutely uncomfortable in the cellar. He pulls the dustsheets over the luggage. The covers start to *wriggle and squirm* as if someone's struggling to get out. The lights flicker. Ripley jumps back, involuntarily, turns. *Behind him Freddie's slumped on a couch which stands raised from the ground on a pile of furniture.* He turns to look at Ripley. The lights go out.

124 **EXT. ROOF OF PALAZZA BORGHESE. NIGHT.**

Ripley throws his bags over the ramparts of the Borghese onto the roof of the next building, then clambers over the wall himself, holding onto one of the statues which stand guard. He's briefly silhouetted against it, then hurries towards a door on the roof and disappears inside.

125 **EXT. BY THE PALAZZO BORGHESE, ROME. NIGHT.**

Ripley, familiar battered luggage in tow, appears at the entrance of the building next to his own, glances at the car parked opposite the big doors, with two plain-clothes policemen inside, then hurries off into the darkness.

126 **INT. BUS. DAY.**

A blinding winter sun. Ripley, blinking behind his spectacles, sits on the bus. He's regressed to the Ripley arriving in Italy. His knapsack on his lap.

RIPLEY (O.S.)
Now I can't think what to do, or where to go.

127 **EXT. PIAZZA. SIENA, TUSCANY. DUSK,** 1

Ripley, guide book in hand, unshaven, walks by a newspaper stand. A couple of ITALIAN NEWSPAPERS have lurid front page stories about Dickie's disappearance. They're running the shot from the Palazzo Borghese - a blurred photograph, Ripley's hand raised, a policeman half-blocking him...

128 **EXT. FIELD. DAWN** 1

Ripley emerges from a tent, which sits on a hill overlooking the valleys of Tuscany. His beard is growing. It's freezing. He jogs with the cold.

RIPLEY
I realize you can change the people, change the scenery -

129 **INT.MONTECATINI RAILWAY STATION. BEFORE DAWN.** 1

Ripley approaches the TICKET OFFICE.

RIPLEY
Venice, per favore, Venezia. Second Class.

130 **INT. TRAIN TO VENICE. BEFORE DAWN.** 1

It's raining. Ripley's asleep on the train. It jolts suddenly and rouses him.

RIPLEY (O.S.)
- but you can't change your own rotten self.

In the window's reflection he sees Dickie, eyes streaming with tears. He shudders, looks around him at the sparse compartment. A MAN is sleeping with his head on the table dividing the seats. He looks up. It's the pulverized face of Freddie Miles. Freddie smiles, pulls off his nose, then sticks it back on again.

131 **EXT. PIAZZALE ROMA, VENICE. DAWN.** 1

Ripley sits next to his battered luggage at the prow of a MOTOR TAXI as it surges towards Venice at dawn.

132 **EXT. ST. MARK'S SQUARE, VENICE. EARLY MORNING.** 1

Ripley walks around, the pigeons scattering. He breathes in the atmosphere, the beautiful grey, then approaches a policeman.

RIPLEY
My name is Ripley. I believe the police are looking for me.

133 **INT. POLICE STATION. VENICE. NIGHT.** 13

Later. Ripley sits in a bare interview room. The window is at canal level. Peter Smith Kingsley enters. They shake hands.

RIPLEY
Peter, this is so good of you.

PETER
Hello Tom. Are you all right? You've got a beard. It's good, makes you look less like Dickie, *Italy's most wanted*.

RIPLEY
I'm really sorry to put you through this. It's just my Italian's rotten and nobody here wants to speak English.

PETER
Don't be daft. It's fine. I'm delighted you finally made it to Venice. I'm delighted, contrary to rumor, you're still in one piece.

RIPLEY
What rumour?

PETER
That Dickie murdered you and is travelling under your passport. I know, ridiculous. This place reeks, doesn't it? Can you smell it? Ugh.

RIPLEY
Yes.

PETER
I've been to this station every other day lately. There are fifteen types of policeman, none of whom have the slightest interest in policework. The uniform, that's the great pursuit. But they've sent for Rome now, so I guess it's getting serious.

RIPLEY
(completely thrown)
What do you mean? They're sending someone from Rome?

PETER
That's good, isn't it?

RIPLEY
No, but I thought that didn't happen in Italy, that each region was completely separate! I was <u>sure</u> that was the -

PETER
You've seen the papers, you know what a big deal it's been here. American tourists murdered, disappeared. Especially now Dickie's father's in Italy. Everybody will be bristling with efficiency.

RIPLEY
Dickie's father?

PETER
He's in Rome. Agitating like mad.

RIPLEY
I'm suddenly incredibly - I'm suffocating - do you think we could get out of here, get some air?

He slumps to the ground. Holds his head in his hands. Peter leans down to wrap a concerned arm around him.

PETER
You're not under arrest here, Tom. We can do anything. Although it does feel like a cell. They haven't charged you with anything, have they? Caught in possession of a beard? Having an American accent?
(his levity not working)
Is this because you know where Dickie is?

Ripley shakes his head. Then the door opens. SUPERINTENDENT VERRECCHIA, fresh from Rome, and a sullen wedge of a man, comes in, scowling at the couple hunched on the floor. Ripley dare not look up in case it's Roverini. A POLICEWOMAN introduces him, then stands behind him for the rest of the interview.

POLICEWOMAN
Superintendent Verrecchia.

VERRECCHIA
(to Peter, in Italian)
Are you translating for Signor Ripley?

PETER
(in Italian)
Yes, I'm a friend - Peter Smith Kingsley.

Verrecchia talks in staccato Italian. Peter translates.

PETER (cont'd)
He's taken over the case because... they're annoyed the previous chap let Dickie...disappear when he was the only, he was the only suspect in Freddie's murder. Perhaps the other man felt
(MORE)

PETER (cont'd)
Americans should...enjoy different rules from Italians. This man doesn't share this belief. Do you have your passport?

Ripley pulls it out from his luggage. Verrecchia speaks.

PETER (cont'd)
He's very disgruntled. He finds it hard to believe you're the only man in Italy... who didn't know the police were looking for you... But then....he finds many things hard to believe. Do you know the whereabouts of Dickie Greenleaf?

RIPLEY
No.

PETER
(shrugs at Verrecchia)
No.

Verrecchia speaks again, wants to know when Ripley last saw Dickie. Ripley forgets he's not supposed to have much Italian and answers.

RIPLEY
In Rome, about three weeks ago.

PETER
(giving Ripley a look)
Do you need me to translate?
(then translating)
Where have you been since then?

RIPLEY
Travelling.

PETER
(after a burst from Verrecchia)
More specifically.

RIPLEY
Tuscany. I was backpacking.

PETER
I don't know how to translate that.
(he tries, listens, turns to Ripley)
He thinks it's very cold to be sleeping outside.
(translates for Verrecchia)
Are you a homosexual?
(then as himself)
Interesting non-sequitor.

RIPLEY
No.
(Peter looks at him)
(MORE)

RIPLEY (cont'd)
I'm engaged. Mr. Greenleaf, Dickie's father, knows my fiancee.

PETER
(translates, then listens to Verrecchia)
There's a theory, I think it's his theory, these are homosexual killings.
(as Peter, very droll)
By the way, there are no Italian homosexuals. They're so butch. Makes Leonardo, Michelangelo very inconvenient.

RIPLEY
Tell him I have a fiancee, Dickie has a fiancee and Freddie Miles probably had a string of them.

Peter translates, listens.

RIPLEY (cont'd)
What did he say?

PETER
He says *so many fiancees*.

Peter listens, translates. Verrecchia watches intently.

PETER
He wants to know if you killed Freddie Miles and then killed Dickie Greenleaf?

RIPLEY
(outraged)
No I did not. I did not kill Freddie and then kill Dickie. Is he accusing me?
(Peter clearly doesn't ask)
Ask him if he's accusing me!

PETER
He's already angry, I don't think -

RIPLEY
(interrupting, heated)
Just because he doesn't like Americans. I was in Mongibello when Freddie was killed. Marge is a witness! Fausto. I've been kept here all day. Unless he's charging me he should let me go.

PETER
The way it works here it's better to be less volatile. He's not going to charge you with anything. Let me deal with this.

Verrecchia is irritated that there's a conversation going on. He interrupts. Peter smoothes the water, mentions the Mongibello alibi. Verrecchia hands over a letter. It's

unopened. Ripley's name on the outside. Ripley stares at it. Verrecchia talks. Peter translates.

PETER
They found this in Dickie's place in Rome.
(Ripley puts it in his pocket)
I think they're expecting you to open it.

Ripley takes it from his pocket, opens it. He reads it, pulls out the travellers checks, bows his head, his hand holding out the letter to Peter, who reads it, starts to translate...

PETER (cont'd)
(in Italian)
My dear Tom, I'm getting out of this...

134 **EXT. VIALE SAN SPIRIDONE, VENICE. DAY**

Ripley follows Peter Smith-Kingsley down a slit of an alley.

RIPLEY
This is swell of you, Peter.

PETER
Not at all. I shall be the Contessa's darling - no-one's renting anything. And if they won't let you leave Venice you may as well be comfortable.

They arrive at a Palazzo. Peter fiddles with keys.

PETER
I have to warn you - it's probably damp. And camp. All Venetian Palazzi are of the damp and camp variety.

He gets a door open which leads through the garden.

PETER
You can arrive by the canal if you're impressing visitors, otherwise this is the tradesman entrance, i.e. if you're bringing home tradesmen.

Ripley is astonished at the ease of Peter's sexuality - neither damp nor camp. He has found another man to admire.

135 **INT. PALAZZO. DAY**

The little Palazzo is magnificent, faded, chilly, slightly abandoned - the furnishings covered. Ripley loves it.

RIPLEY
It's wonderful.

PETER
It is good. It's very grand. You'll need some staff, although when people realize you're here you'll be able to dine out on Dickie stories for months.

He pulls open a shutter raising a cloud of dust and revealing San Marco in all its glory across the Grand Canal.

PETER
Well, that is wonderful!

Ripley, overwhelmed, stands beside him.

PETER (cont'd)
I don't believe that letter, somehow. Do you? What do you see in him? Dickie? Actually, why am I asking. We all fell for it. So easy to love, so hard to like. What he's done to Marge, just to cut her dead, why do that? To keep saying he'd meet her and then - and such a snob. At least Freddie had the decency to be fat.

RIPLEY
I thought you and Dickie were friends?

PETER
We are. I thought you and Dickie were lovers -
(looks at Ripley)
- according to Marge at least.

RIPLEY
(noncommittal)
And the police.

PETER
I always suspected Dickie was in the closet. All those late night swims with Fausto. And so dazzling, of course.

He's gone to the next window, opens that, too.

PETER
Well, will you take it?

Hearing what he thinks is a snort of enthusiasm, he turns round to find Ripley sitting in an armchair, still covered with its sheet, WEEPING UNCONTROLLABLY. Peter's mortified.

PETER
Oh lord, I'm sorry.

Ripley shakes his head, the tears pouring, real tears, at the full realization of what he's done.

RIPLEY
I miss him, I miss him, I miss him.

Peter stands by him, a consoling hand on his shoulder.

PETER
I'd really think something was the matter with you if you didn't break down like this.

Eventually, Ripley looks up.

RIPLEY
He's dead, Peter. I know it.

136 **INT. PETER SMITH-KINGSLEY'S APARTMENT. DAY** 1

There's music everywhere - and stands - and posters of performances and PHOTOGRAPHS OF PETER CONDUCTING. Peter is an opera repetiteur. Ripley is sitting at Peter's piano, picking out the piano part from Vivaldi's Stabat Mater. Peter's made supper. He's setting the table.

PETER
Why did Dickie give you his typewriter?

RIPLEY
(misses his place in the music)
He didn't.

PETER
I saw it in your luggage, didn't I?

RIPLEY
It's mine. That was one thing we had in common. Our typewriters. Both from Princeton. Privilege of a first class education. Can't spell, can't write.

PETER
(bringing over a glass of wine)
That's a relief. If you'd said it was Dickie's I was trying to work out how he'd written you the letter while you had his typewriter.

RIPLEY
That would have been hard.

PETER
Can you imagine, if he did kill Freddie, what that must be like? To wake up every morning, how can you? Just wake up and be a person, drink a coffee...

RIPLEY
Don't you put the past in a room, in the cellar, and lock the door and just never go in there? That's what I do.

PETER
Probably. In my case it's probably a whole building.

RIPLEY
Then you meet someone special and all you want to do is toss them the key, say *step inside*, but you can't because it's so dark and there are demons and if anybody saw how ugly it was...

Peter's come over, stands behind him over the piano.

PETER
That's the music talking. Harder to be bleak if you're playing *Knees up Mother Brown*.

He vamps this vaudeville song over Ripley's shoulder.

RIPLEY
Fling open the door - I keep wanting to do that - let the light in, scrub the whole place clean. If I could get a huge eraser and rub everything out...starting with myself.

PETER
Don't touch your face.

RIPLEY
That's the first thing I'd rub out...

PETER
Don't.

RIPLEY
Actually, the second.

PETER
What's the first?

No answer. They play. Ripley stops, Peter keeps playing. Ripley looks at Peter, who smiles.

PETER (cont'd)
No key, huh?

137 **EXT. VENICE S.LUCIA. RAILWAY STATION. DAY.**

MARGE appears on the steps, carrying an overnight bag. Ripley and Peter have come to meet her.

PETER
Marge.

MARGE
(kissing him warmly)
Hello Peter, so good to see you.
(kissing Ripley)
Tom. You've got a beard.

RIPLEY
Yes, it's ridiculous, I know. People were recognizing me after all the stuff in the newspapers - now they recognize me and say *you've grown a beard.*

They walk towards the Vaporetto.

MARGE
So you found Peter...

PETER
I think we sort of found each other.

Marge smiles enigmatically. Ripley registers.

PETER
Where's Dickie's father?

MARGE
He's not coming till the morning. Evidently his stomach - I don't think the food here is agreeing with him.

RIPLEY
I was looking forward to seeing him.

MARGE
Dickie hasn't killed himself. I'm sure of that. There's a private detective on the case now - a Mr.MacCarron - Dickie's father's employing him.

RIPLEY
That's a terrific idea.

MARGE
He's American. He's already discovered Dickie cashed checks for $1000 the day he disappeared.

They step onto the Vaporetto.

MARGE
Is that what you do before you jump in the Tiber? I don't think so.

138 **EXT. VAPORETTO. DAY.** 13

They all stand on the VAPORETTO as it glides along the canal towards San Marco. Marge looks solemn. Like a widow.

PETER
Did Dickie say anything to you?

MARGE
When?

PETER
Weren't you the last of us to see him?

MARGE
I never saw him. I haven't seen him since he left Mongi.

RIPLEY
Marge, you saw him with Peter and me by the Spanish Steps and then I took you to the apartment.

MARGE
He didn't let me in.

RIPLEY
(incredulous)
He told me. Dickie told me. He said you accused him of all kinds of things, of breaking your heart.

MARGE
I said that through the door.

RIPLEY
What?

MARGE
I shouted through the door.

RIPLEY
(to Peter, rueful)
Including some pretty vile things about me, apparently.

MARGE
No. I didn't. I don't think I did. Oh Tom, if I ever did I was just lashing out.

RIPLEY
Maybe that's what happened - everybody lashing out.

139 **INT. RIPLEY HOUSE, VENICE. DAY** 11

Marge, entering the house, is astonished at its grandeur. Ripley is really inhabiting it, the massive fire blazing.

MARGE
(to Peter)
Is this you?

PETER
No, it's Tom's. Splendid, eh?

MARGE
Wow. Who's paying for this?

RIPLEY
Peter found it for me. I can afford it because it's damp and, and falling down.

PETER
But nicely.

Peter opens the door straight onto the private mooring on the canal - the huge view of San Marco.

MARGE
That's spectacular. We'll have to tell Mr. Greenleaf how far his dollar has stretched.

She turns and looks at Ripley, who is shaking a martini. She laughs, helpless, somehow raging. Peter turns.

PETER
What's funny?

MARGE
No, nothing. I'm just thinking about when Tom arrived in Mongi.
(to Ripley)
And now look at you.

RIPLEY
Look at me what?

MARGE
To the manor born.

140 **INT. RIPLEY'S BEDROOM. EVENING.**

Ripley lets himself in very carefully, walks to the bed, stares at the sleeping Marge, then goes to the closet. Slowly, slowly, he opens it a crack, and removes Dickie's TYPEWRITER, tiptoes towards the door.

MARGE
Tom?

Ripley doesn't turn around. Marge is still groggy.

RIPLEY
Sorry. I needed to get some things from my closet. Go back to sleep.

MARGE
Tom, I'm sorry if I've been, if I was cruel earlier. I always want logic: a value for y, a value for x, that's my training. Before you came I could always work out the equation, and then I couldn't. So I'm sorry.

Ripley, still with his back to her, bends down to drop the typewriter, then turns back to the bed. He goes very close.

RIPLEY
Your neck. Such a swan. The first time I saw you. Like a swan coming out of the sea. I wish I could live Dickie's life for him. I know what I would do.
(he kisses her forehead)
Goodnight Marge.

141 **INT. RIPLEY HOUSE. LATE NIGHT.** 1

Ripley appears at the back door of the house, flings the typewriter into the canal. It makes a tiny splash.

142 **EXT. PIAZZA SAN MARCO. DAY** 1

The Piazza is by no means full, but it's still buzzing with life - buskers, balloon sellers, pigeon photographers - a man playing saxophone. HERBERT GREENLEAF sits out on one of the many tables at Florians, cradling a glass of hot water. He gets up as Marge and Ripley arrive. He kisses Marge then somberly shakes Ripley's hand.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
Tom.

RIPLEY
Mr. Greenleaf.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
How are you? You look well.

RIPLEY
I'm well, thank you. And you, sir? Any better?

HERBERT GREENLEAF
Pretty good.

RIPLEY
I recommend a Fernet Branca, sir. Infallible.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
No, thank you - I'm sticking with hot water.

MARGE
Where's Mr. MacCarron?

HERBERT GREENLEAF
San Remo. The police are amateurs. At least this fellow is chasing leads, putting in some legwork. Well, my boy, it's come to a pretty pass, hasn't it?

RIPLEY
Yes.
(concentrates on lighting a cigarette)
What's the detective hoping to find in San Remo?

HERBERT GREENLEAF
He's being thorough, that's all.
(finishes his water)
I'm learning about my son, Tom, now he's missing. I'm learning a great deal about him. I hope you can fill in some more blanks for me. Marge has been good enough to do that, about Mongibello.

RIPLEY
I'll try my best, sir.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
This theory, the letter he left for you, the Police think that's a clear indication he was planning on doing something stupid to himself.

MARGE
I don't believe it!

HERBERT GREENLEAF
You don't want to, dear. Marge, what a man may say to his sweetheart and what he'll admit to another fellow -

MARGE
Such as?

HERBERT GREENLEAF
I'd like to talk to Tom alone - perhaps this afternoon? Would you mind?

MARGE
Of course, yes, I'm going with Peter to explore the Academmia. Not at all.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
Incidentally, we got a very nice card from Frances at Christmas. Unfortunately we have no address for her.
(to Marge)
Tom's fiancee. Delightful girl.

RIPLEY
I must give it to you.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
We were quite surprised you hadn't managed to get back to her for the holidays.

RIPLEY
(reluctant)
Frances met someone else, sir. Soon after I left New York.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
Really? Well, I'm truly sorry. I don't want to think if we hadn't sent you on this wild goose chase - what a waste of lives and opportunities and -
(the saxophonist is blaring away in the piazza)
- I'd pay that fellow a hundred dollars right now to shut up.

143 **EXT. GONDOLA. DAY**

The GONDOLA takes Mr. Greenleaf and Ripley towards his house. He helps Herbert off the boat, then turns to pay the GONDOLIER. They speak in Italian.

GONDOLIER
Is that your typewriter?

RIPLEY
What?

GONDOLIER
(points nonchalantly at the steps)
Your typewriter there.

The low tide has exposed DICKIE'S TYPEWRITER, lodged between the steps and the landing pole.

RIPLEY
Right. Thank you.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
(Ripley is blocking his view)
What's he saying?

RIPLEY
He's warning me about these steps - the moss - I ought to clean it off.

He gets Greenleaf inside the house. Herbert Greenleaf doesn't even look, he's obsessed with news of Dickie. Ripley pushes the door closed on the incriminating machine.

144 **INT. RIPLEY'S DRAWING ROOM. AFTERNOON.** 14

Herbert Greenleaf sits on a couch, a cup of tea beside him. Ripley comes downstairs with the letter. As he hands it to Dickie's father...

RIPLEY
I gave the travellers checks to the police. They wanted to compare his signatures against the so-called forgeries.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
(reading, plunging into gloom)
Why couldn't he write us about these things? Why couldn't he telephone me before he did something stupid?
(reads on, stung)
I see.
(looks over it again)
No, Marge doesn't know the half of it.

RIPLEY
I think it might hurt her to know.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
And his passport photo? Can you imagine - to scratch out your own face like that - the frame of mind you'd have to be in?

RIPLEY
I feel guilty. I think I pushed him away from me. I spoke and he heard you. Beckoning.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
Well, if we all pushed him away what about him pushing us away? You've been a great friend to my son. You know, everything is someone else's fault. Why is it wrong of a girl to want a man to make a commitment? We all have responsibilities - that's not pushy, that's common morality. We all want to sow wild oats. Somebody's got to - what's
(MORE)

HERBERT GREENLEAF (cont'd)
the word?
(Ripley shakes his head)
The moment someone spells it out, he can't take it. I hope to God that's not what happened with Freddie Miles.

RIPLEY
No! Mr. Greenleaf, I would put my life, I would stake my absolute life that Dickie didn't kill Freddie.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
Dear God.
(staring at the letter)
To say I'd use Emily's illness... You know, people always say you can't choose your parents, but you can't choose your children.

145 **EXT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE, VENICE. DUSK** 1

A ghastly clay light. Ripley is on the steps of his house scrubbing them when a tapping sound draws his attention. A HAND IS TYPING ON THE SUBMERGED TYPEWRITER. The papers waves in the water - *LIAR, LIAR, LIAR, LIAR* types the hand, its owner obscured by the green depths.

Ripley sees that a gondola is nearby. FREDDIE is the gondolier, his battered face in a terrible gash of a smile. The typewriter clacks insistently.

146 **INT. RIPLEY'S HOUSE, VENICE. DUSK.** 1

Ripley wakes up. He's cramped up in an armchair, his arms in some foetal protection. HIS DOOR KNOCKER IS BEING REPEATEDLY SHAKEN, producing the clacking sound which woke him. He surfaces thickly, stumbles to the door. It's Peter and Marge.

PETER
What happened?

RIPLEY
I'm sorry. I was asleep. I must have fallen asleep.

PETER
You look ghastly, Tom. Are you okay?

MARGE
Did Dickie's Dad go?

RIPLEY
He's having an early night.

MARGE
Poor guy.
(she collapses on the couch)
We were knocking on that door for ever.
(MORE)

MARGE (cont'd)
(she fiddles inside the sleeve of her dress)
I think I've broken my strap.

PETER
Not guilty.

RIPLEY
Let me fix you a drink.

MARGE
You ***walk*** in Venice! My feet are like crabs.

She takes off her shoe, examining her feet for wear and tear. Ripley stares at the shoe abandoned offensively on his couch, then walks into the kitchen. Peter follow, comes close.

PETER
Are you okay?

RIPLEY
I'm fine.

PETER
(a hand on his shoulder)
Would it help if I stayed?

RIPLEY
I don't think so.

PETER
Or I could come back.

Ripley looks at him. That's never happened. He digs in his pocket, finds his key, gives it to Peter. Peter smiles.

PETER (cont'd)
Your key.

Marge limps in on her one shoe. Peter hands her her drink.

147 **INT. RIPLEY'S BATHROOM, VENICE. NIGHT.** 1

Ripley's in the bath, he's shaving in a round mirror jammed into the bath rack. He has a transistor radio on. Marge knocks on his door.

MARGE (O.S.)
Tom?

RIPLEY
Won't be long. If you're desperate there's the cloakroom downstairs.

MARGE (O.S.)
Tom, I need to talk to you.

RIPLEY
(irritated)
Okay.

MARGE (O.S.)
It's urgent.

Ripley opens the door, his towel wrapped around his waist, his face plastered with shaving cream. Marge is white. She's wearing a robe. She's slightly breathless.

MARGE
I found Dickie's rings.

RIPLEY
What?

MARGE
You've got Dickie's rings.

RIPLEY
I can explain.

He can't. His eyes dart.

MARGE
(holding up the one she gave Dickie)
Dickie promised me he would never take off this ring.

RIPLEY
Let me put on some clothes and then we can talk about this.

MARGE
I have to tell Mr. Greenleaf. I have to tell Mr. Greenleaf. I have to tell Mr. Greenleaf.

RIPLEY
Marge, calm down, you're being hysterical.

MARGE
He promised me. *I swear I'll never take off this ring until the day -*

Ripley grabs her. His towel slips off from his waist.

RIPLEY
Shut up! Shut up!

MARGE
(horrified)
Let go of me!

RIPLEY
I'm wet, Marge, I've lost my towel, I'd really like to put my clothes on. So go downstairs and pour us both a drink, will you?

She goes out obediently, a zombie. He shuts the door.

148 **INT. RIPLEY'S BEDROOM. VENICE. CONTINUOUS.** 14

Ripley's in the bedroom. He's looking for something, anything, to kill Marge with. He's got a shoe but if feels too light. He opens drawers - nail scissors, nothing - he runs back into the bathroom, returns wiping the RAZOR on his robe, then slips it into his pocket as he takes the stairs.

149 **INT. RIPLEY'S SITTING ROOM. VENICE. NIGHT.** 1-

Marge sits stunned on the couch. Ripley comes in.

MARGE
I was looking for a needle and thread. I wasn't snooping. I was looking for a needle and thread to mend my bra.

RIPLEY
The scent you're wearing. I bought it for you, not Dickie. So many things. The day he was late back from Rome - I tried to tell you this - he was with another girl. He let you think things about me because he knew how I felt about you, and he was jealous. Even though he couldn't be faithful for five minutes. So when he makes a promise it doesn't mean what it means when you make a promise. Or I do. He has so many realities, Dickie, and he believes them all. He lies. He lies, that's his.. half the time he doesn't even realize.

A SMALL RED STAIN is appearing on the pocket of his robe. As he speaks the stain spreads. He looks at it absently.

RIPLEY
Today, for the first time, I've even wondered whether he might have killed Freddie. He would get so crazy if anybody contradicted him - well, you know that. That's the irony, Marge. I loved you - you might as well know - I loved you, and because he knew I loved you, he let you think I loved him. Which is why I had to get away from Mongi. And you didn't even know. That awful day on the boat when you and he were, were down below, I couldn't bear it, and he didn't even respect you. Fran didn't break with me, Marge, didn't

(MORE)

RIPLEY (cont'd)
you see, couldn't you see? I don't know, maybe it's grotesque to say this now, so just write it on a piece of paper or something, and keep it in your purse for a rainy day. *Tom loves me.*

MARGE
(as if she'd heard nothing)
Why do you have Dickie's rings?

Ripley's hand goes to his pocket. HE'S GOING TO HAVE TO DO IT.

RIPLEY
I told you. He gave them to me.

MARGE
Why?

RIPLEY
He gave me $1000 and the rings.

MARGE
Why? When?

RIPLEY
I feel as if you haven't heard anything I've been saying to you. Before he left Rome, he gave me some money and then he gave me the rings and some other things.

MARGE
What did he say to you when he gave you the rings - my ring?

RIPLEY
He said something like *here are some things you should have*. Perhaps he meant me to give the ring back to you. You should have it. I've never worn it. It doesn't even fit.

MARGE
I don't believe you.

RIPLEY
It's all true.

MARGE
I don't believe a single word you've said.

Marge is shivering. Ripley advances, she retreats.

RIPLEY
(dangerous)
You're shivering, Marge. Can I hold you? Would you let me hold you?

Marge panics, runs from the room, straight into the arms of a startled PETER who's come back to visit Ripley.

MARGE
(sobbing uncontrollably)
Oh Peter!

Ripley sits on the couch. His hand comes out of his pocket COVERED IN BLOOD from the razor. Peter notices, appalled.

150 **INT. RIPLEY HOUSE, KITCHEN, NIGHT.** 15

Ripley is making a hot drink and a hot water bottle for Marge. Peter sits with her next door, an arm comforting her. Ripley has a band-aid over his cut hand. He goes to the door to listen, looking through the slit of the door's hinge.

PETER
....Marge, do you know who's been your biggest advocate, who has such love for you...? It's Tom. He's always telling me how generous you've been to him - a real friend - and talked about your book - and it would be terrible, I think, if through all this, when it's Dickie, Dickie - how does he do it? Even now Dickie dominates everything.

Ripley comes through, but Peter looks up and shakes his head, shooing him away.

151 **INT. RIPLEY HOUSE, VENICE. MORNING.** 1

Ripley, dressed, walks up the stairs, with a tray of coffee. He knocks on Marge's door. No response. Knocks again.

RIPLEY
Marge?

He pushes open the door. The bed is made, the room is empty.

152 **EXT. RIPLEY HOUSE, VENICE. MORNING.**

Ripley hurries out of his door, up the alley.

153 **INT. HOTEL GRITTI PALACE. DAY**

Ripley knocks on the door of Herbert Greenleaf's suite. It's opened by a face he doesn't recognize. A middle-aged heavy set man. IT'S MacCARRON, the private investigator.

RIPLEY
Is Mr. Greenleaf there?

MACCARRON
Mr. Ripley? I'm Alvin MacCarron.

RIPLEY
Right.

Greenleaf sits with a scrubbed Marge, her hair pulled back, newly-widowed. THE RINGS SIT GLINTING ON THE COFFEE TABLE.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
Tom.

RIPLEY
Hello, sir.
(smiles thinly at Marge)
Marge, you should have let me know you were leaving earlier, I would have come with you.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
Marge has been telling us about the rings.

RIPLEY
You know I feel ridiculous I didn't mention them yesterday - I clean forgot - ridiculous.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
It rather puts the lid on things. Perhaps you didn't mention them because there's only one conclusion to be drawn.

Ripley worries about what that conclusion is.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
Mr. MacCarron did something the Roman Police didn't bother to do. He searched the basement of the apartment building where my son was living. He found this.

He returns from his bedroom with DICKIE'S SAXOPHONE CASE.

MARGE
Oh God.

Ripley opens the case. The SAXOPHONE gleams.

HERBERT GREENLEAF
I can assure you that's not what my wife wants me to bring home with me. I'm going to take Marge for a little walk, Tom. Mr. MacCarron wants to talk with you.

RIPLEY
(feeling caged in)
We could go down to the bar - no need for you to -

HERBERT GREENLEAF
I think we both need some fresh air.

He helps Marge to her feet and leads her out. RIPLEY IS PARALYSED. He waits for the door to shut. Steels himself for MacCarron's charges. He stands aimlessly at the window.

RIPLEY
I could probably see my bedroom from here. I can see my house. When you see where you live from a distance, it's like a dream, isn't it?

MACCARRON
Did you know at Princeton Dickie Greenleaf half-killed a boy?
(Ripley turns, shocked)
At a party. Over a girl. He kicked the kid several times in the head. Put him in the hospital. The boy had a wire fixed in his jaw. Lost some hearing. Mike Creaney?

RIPLEY
(stunned)
I never heard of him.

MACCARRON
The Rome Police didn't think to ask Mr. Greenleaf. Nor did they think to check whether a Thomas Ripley had ever been a student at Princeton University. I turned up a Tom Ripley who'd been a piano-tuner in the music department.
(Ripley's head drops)
See - in America we're taught to check a fact before it becomes a fact. We're taught to nose around when a girl drowns herself, find out if that girl was pregnant, find out if Dickie had an embarrassment there.

RIPLEY
I see.

MACCARRON
I don't think that's a surprise, not to you. Mr. Greenleaf appreciates your loyalty. He really does. Marge, she's got a hundred theories, but there are a few things she doesn't know. We hope she never knows.

RIPLEY
I hope she never knows.

MACCARRON
Did Dickie kill Freddie Miles? I think he did.

RIPLEY
I don't know for sure. And I'd go on oath to swear he didn't.

MACCARRON
Three different people saw Dickie get into Freddie's car. A man who won't identify himself because he was jumping someone else's wife at the time saw Dickie walking back to the car alone about fifty yards from where Freddie's body was found. The Police know about this man because he happens to be a Policeman.

He walks out of the room, returns carrying THE LICENSE PLATES from Freddie's car.

MACCARRON
(cont'd)
These were in the basement. They belonged to Freddie's car. I'm going to lose them in the canal this evening.

RIPLEY
Do you have an American cigarette?

MACCARRON
Take the packet. Mr. Greenleaf feels there was a silent promise in Dickie's letter to you which he intends to honor. He intends to transfer a good part of Dickie's income from his trust into your name. He doesn't intend to give the Italians any information about Dickie's past. Or yours. He doesn't think it's relevant. He's rather hoping you'll feel the same.

154 **INT. SANTA MARIA DELLA PIETA. BRIDGE OF SIGHS. DAY**

A YOUNG BOY SINGS the soprano part of Vivaldi's STABAT MATER. A piercingly pure sound in Vivaldi's own church. The orchestra - rehearsing - is conducted by Peter.

Ripley slips in at the back of the church. He sits and listens. The end of a movement. Peter turns and sees him, waves. Ripley waves back.

155 **EXT. GRITTI PALACE MOORING. DAY**

Ripley stands with Marge, Mr. Greenleaf and MacCarron at the water's edge - MOTOR LAUNCH growling. They shake hands, and then MacCarron and Mr. Greenleaf get into the launch. Herbert Greenleaf carries the saxophone case. Ripley kisses Marge.

RIPLEY
I feel I should never have said those things to you the other evening. I was so flustered, the rings and - and you looked so, I don't know.

Marge shakes her head to silence him.

RIPLEY
But I hope that note goes to New York in your purse, for a rainy day.

MARGE
What are you going to do now, Tom?

RIPLEY
I don't know for sure. Peter has a concert in Athens next month - and he's asked if I want to go along, help out. He says goodbye by the way - he's in rehearsal, otherwise-

MARGE
Why do I think there's never been a Ripley rainy day?

RIPLEY
What?

MARGE
I know it was you - Dickie, Freddie - I can't work it out but I know it was you, Tom. I know it was you.

RIPLEY
Oh Marge.

He puts his hand out to control her. She pushes it away. STARTS TO LASH OUT AT HIM, the frustration too much, so that Ripley has to cover his face. MacCarron comes off the boat to restrain her. Ripley looks at him as if to say: *what can you do, she's hysterical*. MacCarron nods, pulls her on to the boat. Greenleaf, sad, turns away. They stand silhouetted as the launch revs up and surges off towards open waters passing the little fleets of gondolas.

RIPLEY AND PETER
(O/S and singing)
We are called Gondolieri, but that's a vagary, it's quite honorary, the trade that we pl-y-eeyyai-eeyai!

156 **EXT. FERRY FOR ATHENS, NAPLES. DAY**

Peter and Ripley on the deck of the ferry, the HELLENES, as it sets sail from the harbour at Naples. They're singing from Gilbert and Sullivan's GONDOLIERS. They're laughing.

RIPLEY
Ask me what I want to change about this moment.

PETER
What do you want to change about this moment?

RIPLEY
Nothing.

157 **INT. PETER'S CABIN. DUSK.**

Peter's in a bathrobe organising his currency, his traveller's cheques. Ripley knocks on the door, comes in.

PETER
I'm just doing this and do you know what I was thinking? Why did Dickie withdraw cash for himself but put traveller's cheques in your letter?

RIPLEY
What now?

PETER
He must have known you wouldn't be able to cash them. It's like a trick.

RIPLEY
I don't know. None of it makes any sense. Come up on deck with me and give marks to the sunset.

PETER
And why cash just $1000? If you're planning to disappear it's not enough and if you're going to kill yourself it's too much. Marge is right.

RIPLEY
Come on, it's meant to be a unique color, its own special gold. Gilded Greece.

PETER
You go. I don't want to get dressed yet. You know what we should do, after Greece? Go to Rome. Solve the mystery ourselves.
(looks at him)
You hate that idea.

RIPLEY
I do. I so want to move on from Dickie. I so much want to move on, Peter.

158 **EXT. DECK OF THE HELLENES. SUNSET.**

Ripley stands on deck, staring at the magnificent sunset. Then a voice shakes him from his reverie.

MEREDITH
Dickie?

He turns. He's caught. Suddenly he's Dickie.

MEREDITH
Dickie, my God! It's Meredith.

RIPLEY
Hello Meredith.

MEREDITH
Dickie, you're a fugitive. I wouldn't have known you with that beard, and - oh my God!

RIPLEY
Well, you've spotted me and so you get the reward.

MEREDITH
What?

RIPLEY
Just kidding. You with your Aunt and Uncle?

Meredith points to the UPPER DECK BALCONY where TWO OLDER COUPLES are walking around the deck.

MEREDITH
Of course. There they are. We're with Ronnie and Ann Nicholls - do you remember them from the opera? And a girlfriend who's marooned in our cabin. She's seasick. There's not a single wave. Oh, God, I've thought about you so much.

RIPLEY
I've thought about you.

And now he's thinking *I can't kill them all...*

MEREDITH
Where've you been hiding?

RIPLEY
I haven't been hiding. I've been in Police custody. They've been trying to flush out poor Freddie's killer.

MEREDITH
Truly?

RIPLEY
They're letting me have this vacation. Which is why the beard and glasses.

MEREDITH
I want to hear everything. Can you tell me? You know the whole world thinks you killed Freddie. It's terrible. I knew it wasn't true.

RIPLEY
I can't talk now. Later. Meet me up here at, say, 11.30.

MEREDITH
Should I say anything to the others?

RIPLEY
No, don't say anything to the others.

MEREDITH
Hang on, are you with Peter Smith-Kingsley? I bet you are. My aunt thought she saw him.

RIPLEY
Peter Smith-Kingsley? I haven't seen him in months. No, I'm alone. But I will confess to one crime, Meredith: leaving you; losing you. What was I thinking about?

MEREDITH
What were you thinking about.

He kisses her. He kisses her again. Full of future.

MEREDITH (cont'd)
So - are you travelling under R?

RIPLEY
You know what - I am.

159 **INT. RIPLEY'S CABIN. NIGHT**

Identical to Peter's except much more tidy. Ripley comes in. Sits on the bed. The door of his closet flips open with the swell and he catches his reflection. It swings shut. Open then shut. Ripley, exhausted, on the verge of tears, covers his face with his hands.

160 **INT. PETER'S CABIN. NIGHT.** 1

Peter's working on his score, lying on his front, wearing only shorts, apparently engrossed. Ripley knocks and enters. Looks long at Peter. He locks the door of the cabin.

PETER
How was it?

RIPLEY
Good. Gilded. A ten.

PETER
Was that Meredith?

RIPLEY
Was who Meredith?

PETER
Meredith Logue. You were kissing somebody. Looked like Meredith. I came out to find you.

RIPLEY
Hardly kissing. Kissing off.

PETER
Really?

RIPLEY
There was a fling, Meredith and I, in Rome, for five minutes, it was nothing. Anyway I lied. She thought she'd seen you.

PETER
Why lie?

RIPLEY
Dickie and Peter, that's just too good gossip, isn't it?

PETER
Or *Tom* and Peter even.

RIPLEY
Well that would be even better gossip.

PETER
Really, why?

RIPLEY
Meredith only knows me as Dickie Greenleaf.
(smiles as Peter turns)
Just kidding.

PETER
Sorry, I'm completely lost.

RIPLEY
I know. I'm lost, too. Forget it. I was thinking about Dante, the Dante game, what would purgatory be for you? - flatterers get stuck in manure, the lustful can never rest - the wandering eye can never stop wandering. The punishment fits the crime. What would yours be?

PETER
I don't believe in purgatory.
(thinks)
I don't know.

RIPLEY
I'm going to be stuck in the basement, aren't I, terrible and alone and dark, and I've lied about who I am, where I am, and so nobody can find me.

PETER
Tom, are you trying to tell me something?

RIPLEY
I suppose I always thought - better to be a fake somebody than a real nobody.

PETER
You're not a nobody.

RIPLEY
Peter, I... I...

PETER
And don't forget. I have the key.

RIPLEY
You have the key. Tell me some good things about Tom Ripley. Don't get up. Just tell me some nice things.

He sits on the bed, leans against Peter. His eyes are brimming with tears. He takes the cord from Peter's robe which is abandoned on the bed and begins twisting it in his hands. He massages Peter with the other.

PETER
Good things about Tom Ripley? Could take me some time!... Tom is talented. Tom is tender... Tom is beautiful...

RIPLEY
(during this, and tender)
You're such a liar...

PETER
...Tom is musical. Tom is a mystery. Tom has nightmares. That's not a good thing. Tom is in my cabin. That is a good thing! Tom is crushing me. Tom is crushing me!
(suddenly alarmed)
Tom, you're crushing me! Tom...

Through the porthole the weather's changing. There's a swell and the water fills and then empties the round glass.

THE END.